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COVER: In a great year for coats, here, from Paris, one of the most luxurious, glorious fur-trimmed wraps in the world —Dior's leather-and-fox long evening coat that you'll see again on page 41 in all its splendid color and shine, along with the makeup by Serge Lutens for Dior and coiffure by Christophe Carita.

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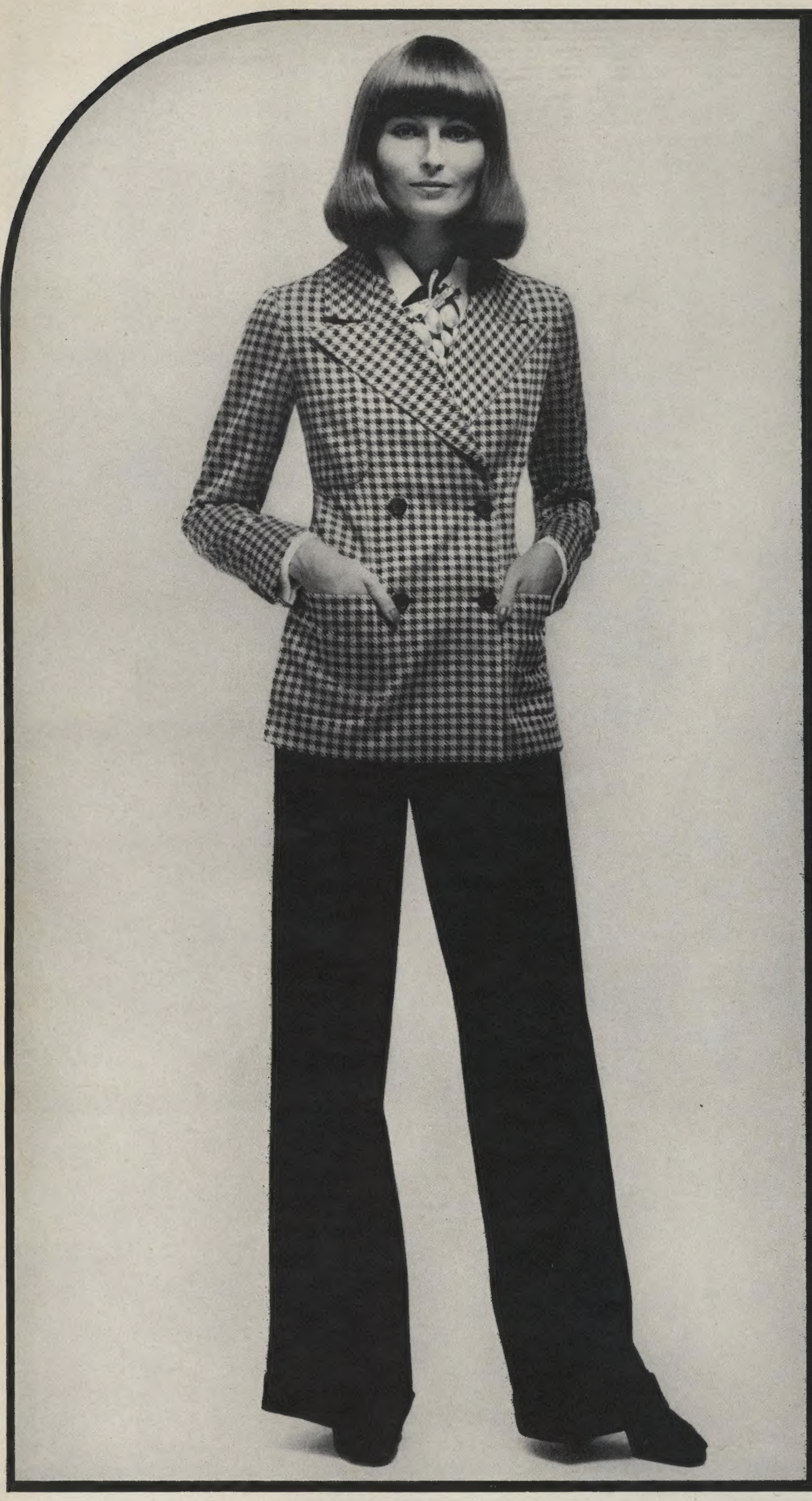


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Palm-Aire is one of the few co-ed spas in the country, and couldn't be more felicitously located for the easterners among us, teamed up or not. In January, a hotel for Spa-goers-*only* will open. Until then, and after if you prefer, choose your accommodations from the Palm-Aire complex of hotels, apartments, villas (should you decide to stretch your week into years), beach clubs, plus four beautifully-groomed golf courses, six tennis courts (two lighted for night games), bicycling paths, horseback riding, and trolleys or golf carts to take you from one joy on to the next. And right in the midst of this palm-fronded preserve is the Spa itself. It's as much a part of its environment as possible, using light and space tangibly (you can, for example, have your massages in the sky-lighted massage room or out under the sun near a turquoise pool), with soothing expanses of clean white, bright splashes of yellow and parrot green, white wicker, and fat stacks of fresh yellow towels everywhere. It's enough to whet your appetite, which itself will be amply satisfied while calories, and pounds, are pared away, because dieting here concentrates on canny nutrition and not deprivation. The Spa's restaurants combine a calorie-counted menu with sinfully caloric fare, in case of Jack Sprattism.

The Spa's facilities for men and women are separate but identical, housed together, and extensive. The staff is large and impressively pleasant—includes a doctor for check-in checkup, a resident nurse, and nutritionist, who plan your individual régime—and there's a seemingly limitless choice of Spa doings, directed on the women's side by Lisa Dobloug, a tall, trim, Viking-princess type (with spa credentials miles long—from the best western spas to Quinta Patiño in Portugal) who looks as vibrantly healthy as she preaches. She is totally charming and totally professional. Under her supervision, you can indulge in hot and cool pools indoors and out, sauna and steam rooms, massage (on tables, as one Spa fancier happily pointed out, which are cut out so faces remain nicely unsqwunched), herbal wrap, hydrotherapy, foamy whirlpool baths, loofah rubs, Swiss shower, Scotch hose, yoga taught by an instructor from India, a big gym cum complete paraphernalia and exercise instruction, fresh Florida-fruit-juice bar, and a particularly restful siesta room . . . everything, really, to bring out the best in you, which is the core of Lisa's philosophy. She has seen to it that all the Spa's cosmetics are made from locally grown organic produce—lemon cleanser, honey-and-almond masque, avocado oil, and the like. There are no Spa makeup sessions per se, but an on-the-premises salon takes care of that, as well as any of the usual head-to-toe beauty business.

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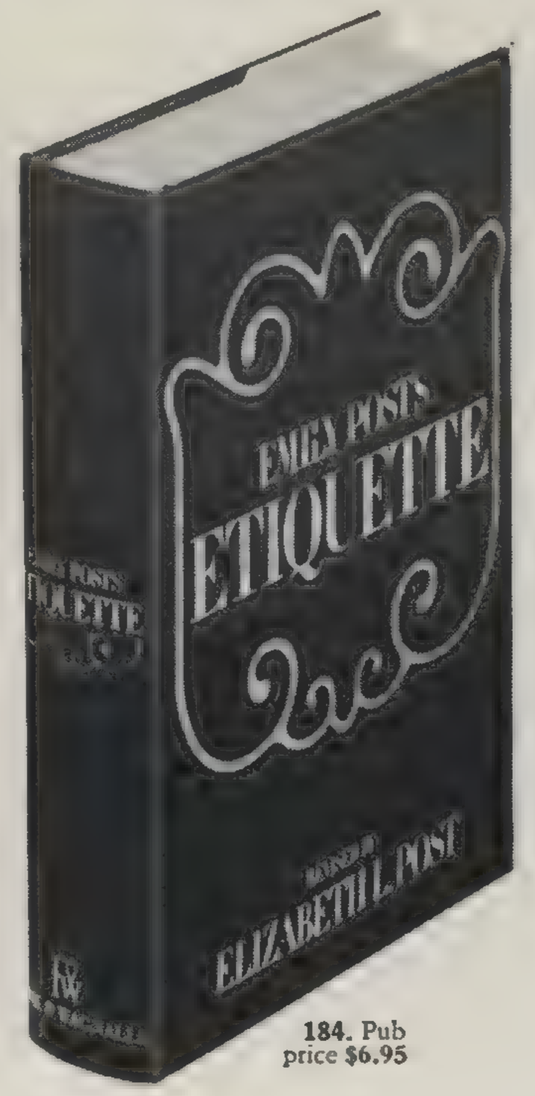
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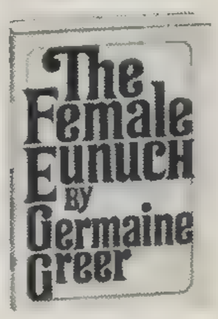
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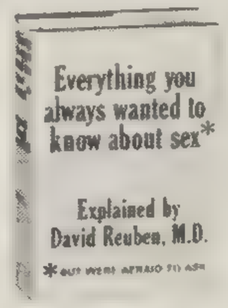
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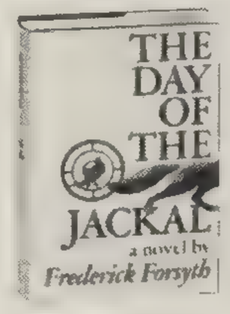
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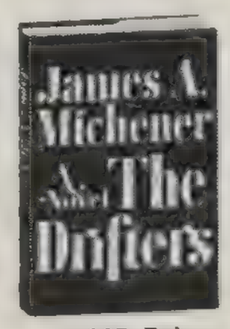
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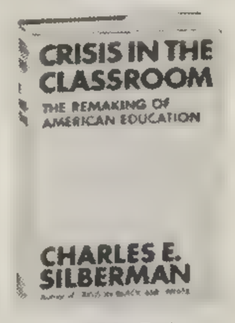
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VOGUE PATTERNS

(Continued from pages 96-97; other views, yardages, details)



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Above: The easiest suit—cardigan jacket and sleeveless dress with shirt-and-tie top. Vogue Pattern 8143. Sizes 10 to 18. For size 10: dress bodice and tie—1⅜ yards of 60" fabric. Jacket and dress skirt—1⅞ yards of 60" fabric. $2.50. In Canada, $2.75.



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Above: Lean tank-top sweater. Vogue Pattern 8030. Sizes 6 to 14. For size 10 top: 1 yard of 70" fabric. $2. In Canada, $2.20.

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Ready Beauty

"It's good for you"

If inconsistency's name is woman, it's to be expected that the girl child who once refused anything good for her has grown up to demand just that. And Estée Lauder has added three new Fresh Air Milk Treatments, all made with fresh milk which she believes to be good for every skin. Apparently this wonder of nature, working here with cosmetic science, can do lots for glowing natural-looking good looks. First there's Pure Milk Creme Wash, rather like a facial bath. Creams on, splashes off, rinsing away the stale, the grimy, leaving pure-cleanness. What follows naturally is Pure Milk Freshener, a milk-shake toning lotion for refining, clarifying skin. Finally, to be used on occasion, Iced Milk Mask. This, a white face gel that dries on the skin, peels off with deep-down clean and stimulating results. The milk protein here leaves a silky, skin-like-a-baby feeling.

Speaking of woman's rites

Once upon a time, with a scattering of perfumed salts the mere running of one's bath was made pleasurable. And now Houbigant has added another dimension to this loveliest of woman's rites with the introduction of new Emollient Bath Crystals which smooth as well as scent the skin. Take your pick of two classic fragrances . . . rose-colored crystals for Chantilly, to "shake your world"; azure-blue for Quelques Fleurs, a fresh floral delight. Either way you get an *extra* sensory perception of beauty.

Herbs in the head

For hair on the qui vive, all swingy and gleamy, having herbs in your head is a great way to go. The Wella people have just made a very good new thing of nine fresh-smelling, nature-loving herbs (one called Speedwell has quite a ring to it) joined with rich conditioning helps. Its purposeful name is Herbal Hair Conditioner. And from all reports, hair seems to take a shine to it right away, reacting with verve and body. Even the droopy, the much overworked and overbleached are encouraged to look lively once again. A second newcomer is a liquid edition of Wella's Herbal Shampoo. Like its predecessor, this is a concentrate of nine aromatic herb extracts . . . takes only a jot, even in hardest water, for a burst of lavish lather that cleans with fresh exuberance.

Up, up and away the grey

Silver threads among the gold or brown or red or black are dandy if you've contrived to put them there. If no, we'd say away with grey—rev up the color of your hair. Clairol has made the uplift all bubble, bubble, no toil or trouble, with new Loving Care Color Foam, sister to the famed liquid original. A handy jet-set way to outwit the grey and/or brighten natural hair color, it just sprays rich foam onto freshly shampooed hair with great expertise. Fingered in, it stays put for 15 drip-less minutes, then just rinses off. All at once hair color looks its even-tempered natural self again, shining bright and true to you. Where's the grey? Out of sight! And thanks to the presence of built-in creme rinse and conditioners, the absence of peroxide and ammonia, hair has lustre and gleam to it. Choose from 10 real-life shades for this color renaissance, which we are told lasts up to six shampooings.

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Vivid haute colour in a two piece pure wool knit. About $110. Bergdorf Goodman, Neiman-Marcus, Marshall Field & Co., I. Magnin.



JEWELS BY DAVID WEBB.

Can a girdle that holds your tummy in still keep your spirits up all day? Believe it.



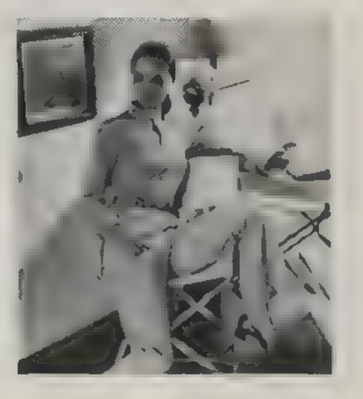


Believe that Warner's Slim'n Smooth™ keeps you in a great mood while it keeps your figure in great shape all day. Because it does.

Believe Slim'n Smooth gives you all the control of a great control girdle. But without any of the discomfort. Because it does.

Because Slim 'n Smooth is different from other control girdles. It's made of a new fabric called luxurious Comfort-Knit.™ That's why it can stretch and stretch without snapping back. That's why the pressure stays the same. And the control. Double-layer control for the hips, thighs and bottom. Triple-layer control for the tummy.

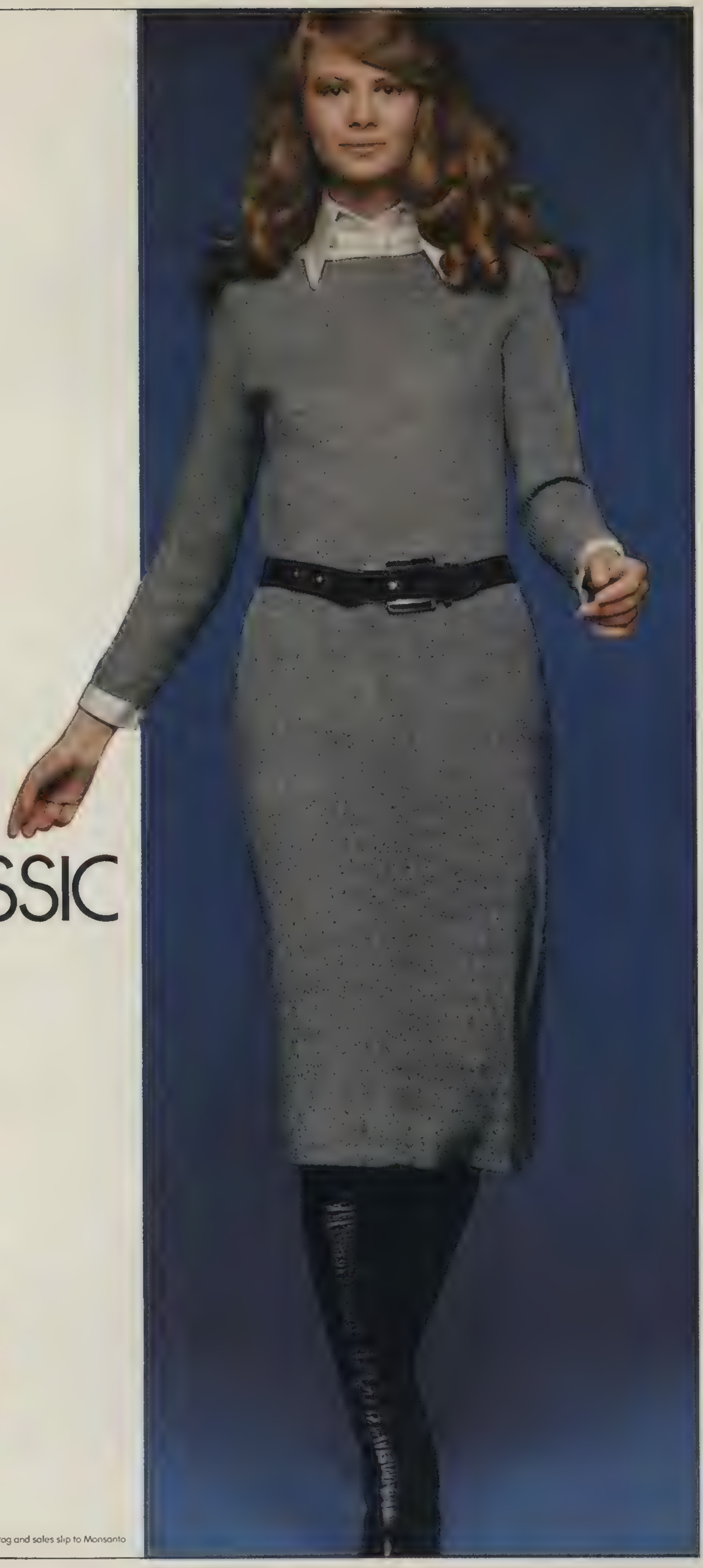
There's a whole collection of Slim 'n Smooth girdles and panty girdles available at your favorite slimwear departments. Slim 'n Smooth also comes in corselette and panty corselette. Try one on. You may never take it off.



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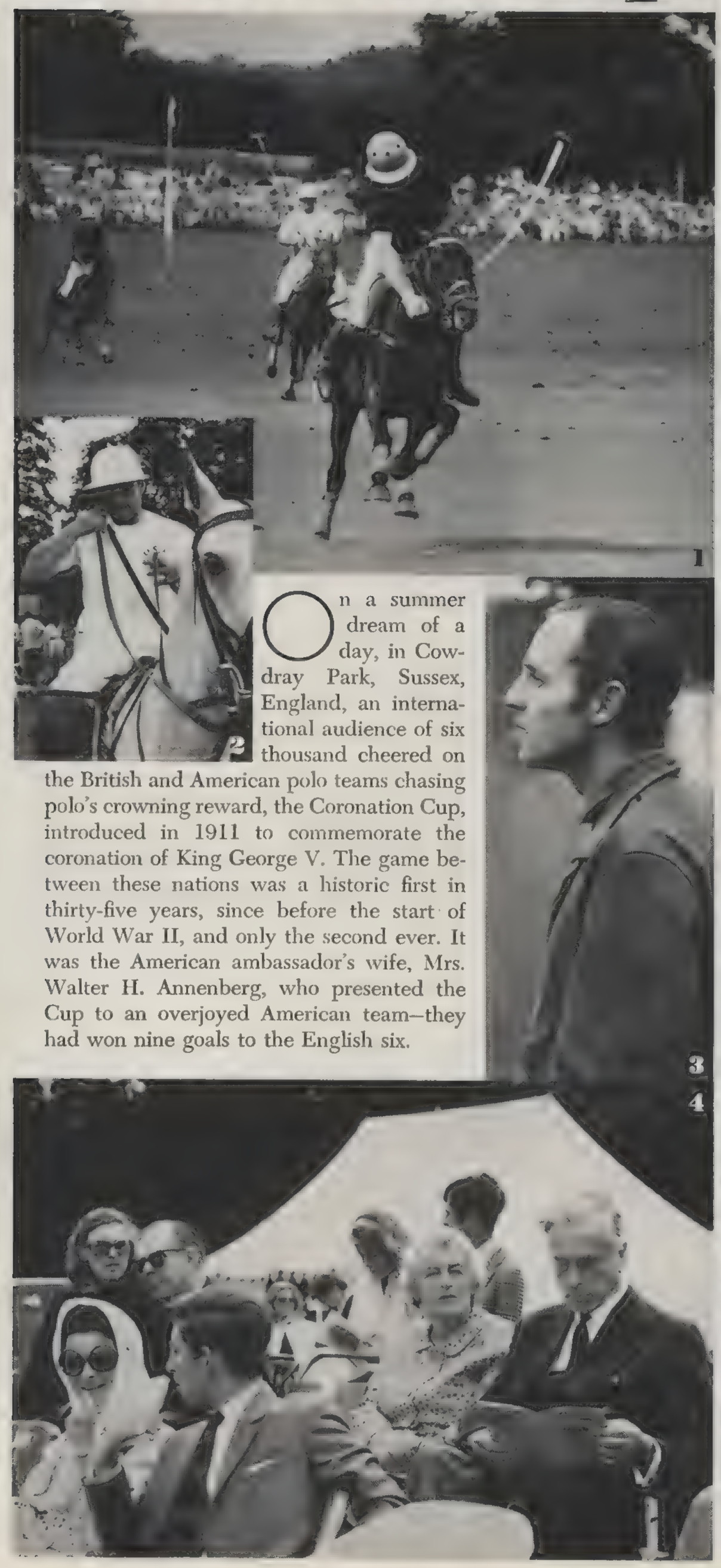


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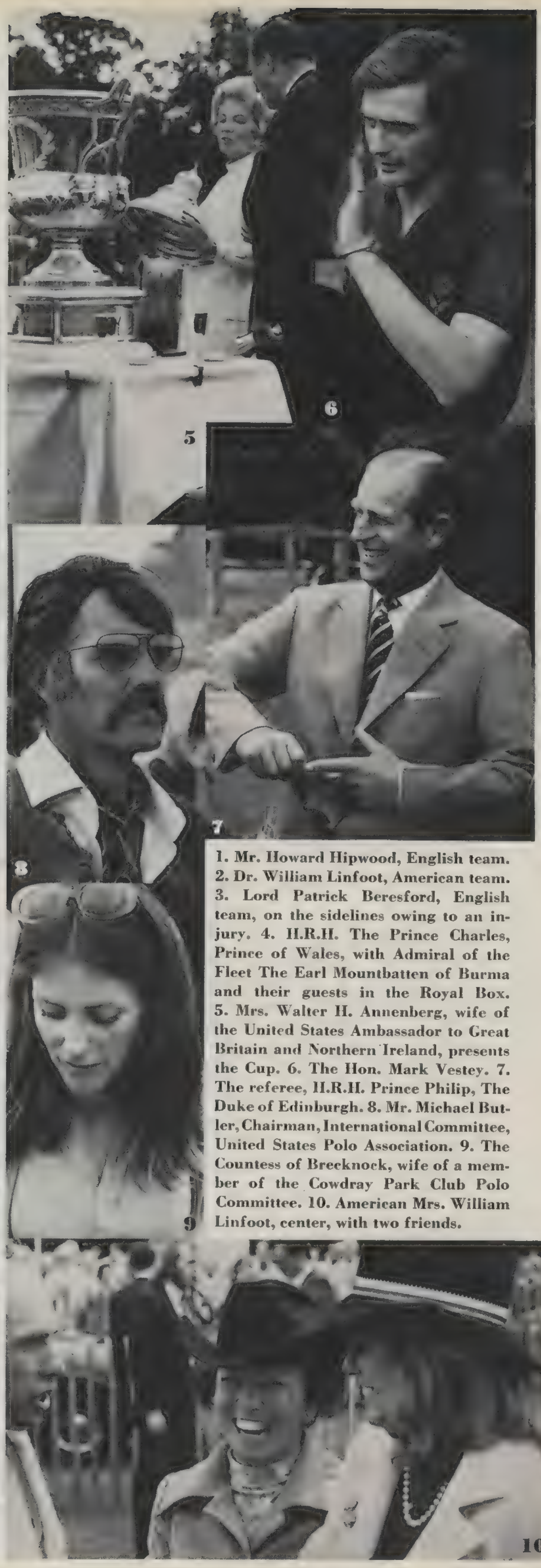
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In England, America's polo team takes the cup



On a summer dream of a day, in Cowdray Park, Sussex, England, an international audience of six thousand cheered on the British and American polo teams chasing polo's crowning reward, the Coronation Cup, introduced in 1911 to commemorate the coronation of King George V. The game between these nations was a historic first in thirty-five years, since before the start of World War II, and only the second ever. It was the American ambassador's wife, Mrs. Walter H. Annenberg, who presented the Cup to an overjoyed American team—they had won nine goals to the English six.



1. Mr. Howard Hipwood, English team. 2. Dr. William Linfoot, American team. 3. Lord Patrick Beresford, English team, on the sidelines owing to an injury. 4. H.R.H. The Prince Charles, Prince of Wales, with Admiral of the Fleet The Earl Mountbatten of Burma and their guests in the Royal Box. 5. Mrs. Walter H. Annenberg, wife of the United States Ambassador to Great Britain and Northern Ireland, presents the Cup. 6. The Hon. Mark Vestey. 7. The referee, H.R.H. Prince Philip, The Duke of Edinburgh. 8. Mr. Michael Butler, Chairman, International Committee, United States Polo Association. 9. The Countess of Brecknock, wife of a member of the Cowdray Park Club Polo Committee. 10. American Mrs. William Linfoot, center, with two friends.

JOHN ENCOMBE

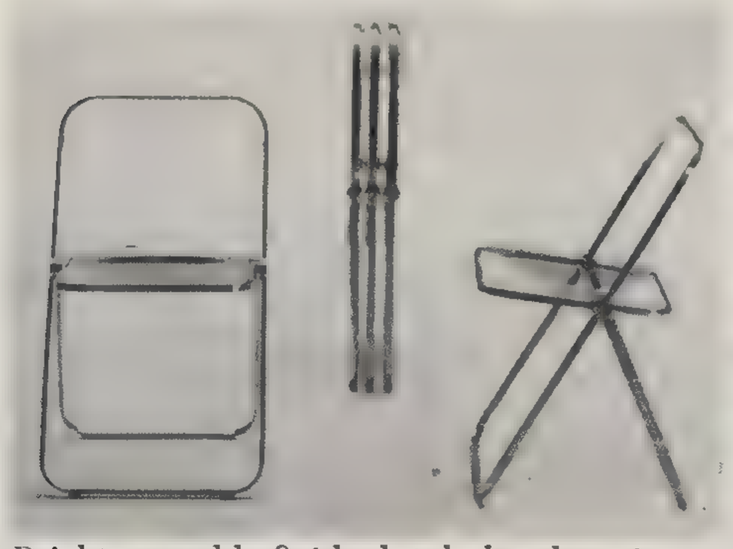
BVLGARI

The decorating scoop

Perfect daybed look



William Baldwin, the master New York decorator, designed the all-upholstered daybed, *above*, to use wherever a comfortable bed is to double for luxurious seating. Low, backless, it may be used free-standing. This one, in muslin, to order, $675, Mamo & Siedentop, 403 East 62nd Street, New York. Fat squashy pillows in a mix of Indonesian cotton prints, from Odyssey, $60 to $150. To order, Karl Springer, 306 East 61st Street, New York.

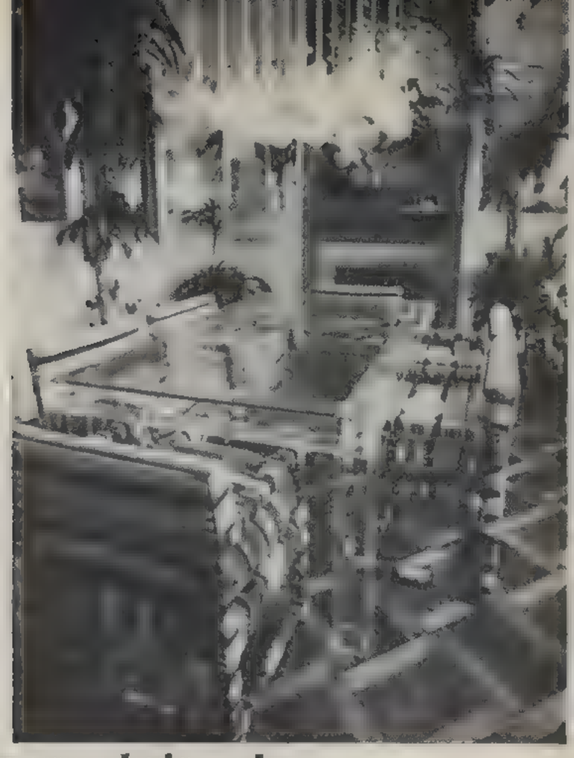


Plia is the super new folding chair designed by Giancarlo Castelli of Bologna, Italy. Imported by Kreuger Metal Products. Bright, superbly finished, tubular chromium steel frame supports a back and seat of clear, blue, yellow, rose, or smoke plastic. To use indoors or out. Four will stack on a single hook—or nest them horizontally. $45 ea., Lord & Taylor, N. Y.



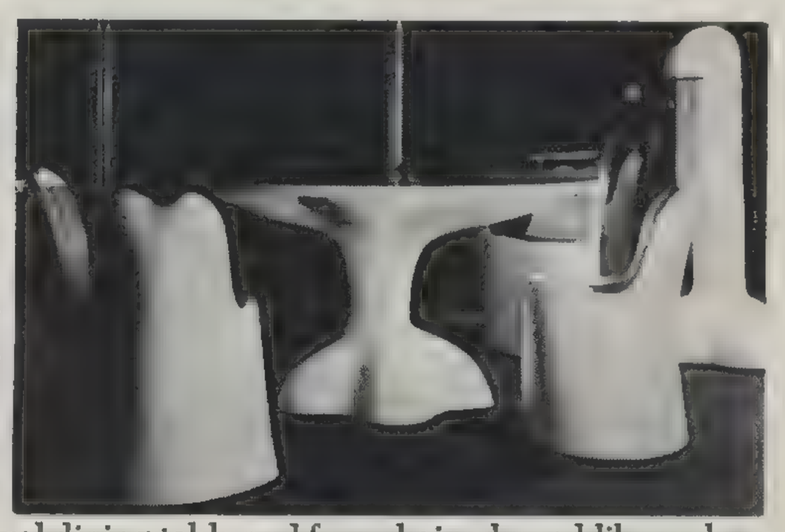
Julian Tomchin, winner of fashion fabric-design awards, turns his talents to designs for decorating with blazing success. The fabrics shown left bring back glazed chintz with a crisp, now look. Top left, Persian Square; right, Cathay. Lower left, Indira Lotus; right, Together. All, 48" wide, $36 yd. Connaissance Fabrics, 979 Third Avenue, New York.* Special colors to order: 10 yards, minimum.

*THROUGH DECORATORS

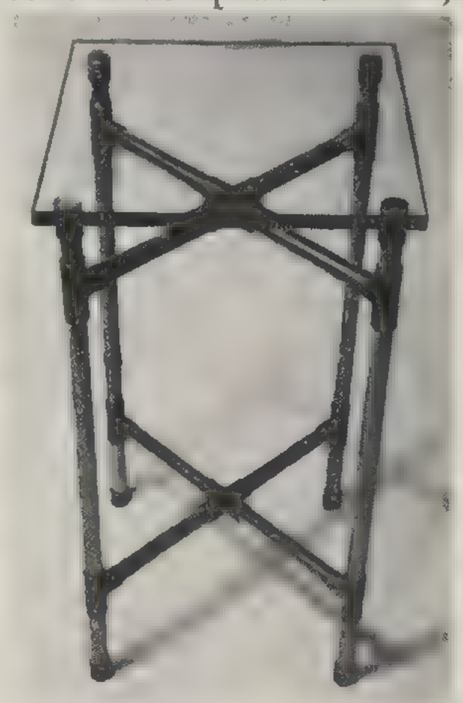


Open armchairs, above, all covered in brilliant, sturdy serapes, are a smash in any room, $700. From a collection of unique chairs, ottomans, pillows at Genesis, 1049 Madison Ave., N. Y.

News from the world of shiny plastic design....



Above right: an oval dining table and four chairs shaped like molars, by Wendell Castle for George Beylerian. White, orange, black, or yellow molded fiber glass. Chairs, $75 each; armchair version, $220 each; table, 56" x 48", $395. Gimbels, N.Y.



Go-anywhere table, right: lacquered metal with copper or bronze joints, glass top, designed by Warren Furman. 10" x 10" x 19", $125 at Rose Cummings, 499 Park Avenue, N. Y.

Superb Brussels tapestry rugs *shown below*, designed by Julian Tomchin to complement his fabrics, shown left. Borders may be used to bind plain carpeting. Note clarity of design and color intensity of these luxurious flat carpetings, newest in pale colors. Top left, Saraband; right, Canton. Lower left, Pavilion; right, Links. $36 a linear yard. To order, Harmony Carpets, 979 Third Avenue, New York, N. Y.*



The Checkerboard Culotte: a study in contrasts by Gossard-Artemis

A gay partner for those sweet leisure moments, the Checkerboard Culotte by Gossard-Artemis in easy care duPont nylon tricot 6048, about $22. As shown and shocking/white/black; navy/shocking/kelly; cream/red/brown.
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HOROSCOPE

BY MARIA ELISE CRUMMERE



Greta Garbo, born September 18, 1905, has Virgo as her birth sign. Her chart has an unusual pattern: eight signs are occupied, showing a variety of forces, interests distributed in many directions. Outstanding are the four Earth signs, showing a wish to resolve all problems on a practical level. Should an idea not present the possibility of immediate perfection, it would seem useless to her and her interest in it would wane. The Sun and the Moon, both in Earth signs, form an Earth trinity in her chart: she looks for harmony within herself.

ARIES, March 21–April 20. Energetic, quick in understanding, you may find formal training tedious. Impatient, you will develop ideas yourself. You should work at not seeming too matter-of-fact when dealing with your more sensitive associates. Mars, your ruler, continues to occupy Aquarius, giving you a long period during which you can express your unusual feats of cleverness. You gather strength as the month comes to a close.

TAURUS, April 21–May 21. You have a remarkable ability to master an idea, however elusive, though there may be a difficult struggle before you thoroughly understand. Then you will completely submerge yourself in that thought. Even when you make no overt move, you are able to effect your wishes. Venus, your ruler, now in Libra, gives others the right of way now. As the month ends, surprises change everything.

GEMINI, May 22–June 21. You are adept at relating at once to others, choosing your methods according to their intellects. A versatile fighter, you win less by combat than by moving out of place when the blows fall. As in the Spanish proverb, "You are like a feather wall: the harder you are hit, the higher you fly." Saturn now in your sign brings responsibilities you can handle. The second week is fast, rewarding.

CANCER, June 22–July 23. You are affectionate rather than romantic. Your sensitive nature cannot endure being deceived. If you sense that you are being fooled, you grow moody and feel that you have been cast adrift. You are at your best when you feel that you are popular—then you thrive. These two weeks pose a problem: business takes a surprising turn; and financial emergencies may catch you off guard—be careful.

LEO, July 24–August 23. You begin all ventures on a note that is too strongly personal. It would be better for you to practice detachment. When you perform casually, your leadership is recognized. Your regard for truth and sense of justice create a magnetic flow attracting those who need help. With Mars, the planet of reality, opposite your birth sign through these two weeks, your competence will be tested in all efforts.

VIRGO, August 24–September 23. Your emotional nature is focused on personal acclaim; you know you can persuade through strength of personality. Often you are totally unaware of other people's feelings toward you; it may be that ideas count more than people. These two weeks bring back some of your old problems that must be resolved now. If tackled exactly at the new Moon, there is a better chance of early settlement.

LIBRA, September 24–October 23. Your independence at times leads you to do sensational things; you may upset the social scene to get attention. You then delight in affecting strange attire or in expressing a view contrary to the mode. Because of your placid nature, companions collected on these ventures may take over in your life. These two weeks are such a time, and new friends made now may bring you some surprises.

SCORPIO, October 24–November 22. Shrewd and self-protective, you usually are accurate in your first impressions. In any search, you are capable of difficult, even obsessive work. You apply yourself, enjoying the challenge and expecting total fulfillment; nothing less will please you. Jupiter is just leaving your birth sign and moving into Sagittarius, your house of income; your fortunes should now roll in abundance.

SAGITTARIUS, November 23–December 22. Your straightforward approach may appear blunt. To your intensely honorable nature, diplomacy seems a compromise of your rights. That which was promised in the spring will now be renewed, for Jupiter has moved into your sign. Re-engage those who seemed to be interested. Your projects have a better chance now, particularly those that are in the public interest.

CAPRICORN, December 23–January 20. To you, knowledge for enjoyment's sake seems a waste; learning must provide some return. This may appear as intolerance to those who are looking for greater understanding or personal involvement. Joining also seems useless to you unless it furthers your ambitions. Your ruler has changed signs and is in Gemini, sign of the student. You may find a subject that intrigues you now.

AQUARIUS, January 21–February 18. Your innate feeling that fame belongs to you gives the impression of indifference to other people. You do not need to seek sympathy. Your interests have been in the universal sphere, postponing personal passions. Now you may be stirred by the presence of Mars in your sign, stimulated to consider things other than your "causes." Two new friends will have impact on your projects.

PISCES, February 19–March 20. Whenever you seem temperamental or confused, it is because you have been disturbed and baffled by pressures that cut into your real need for peace. Isolation restores your self-direction. Your ruler, Neptune, on the cusp (Scorpio-Sagittarius) provokes in you a wish to seek new paths, to leave an unsatisfactory present. Definition is on its way; start now to make ready for an improvement.

So this is how the other half lives.

This is how it lives now. Now the other half has a complete life all its own. It's patterned from toe to navel.

(Only last year, you know, pantyhose patterns were cut off cruelly and without warning somewhere mid-thigh!)

Now Burlington knits diamonds and stripes (lacy geometrics, too) that continue way, way beyond the hem of hot skirts and hot and cool pants.

Like all Burlington pantyhose they're proportioned to fit according to height, weight and hips, so patterns never zig because of a wrinkle or bag. (And the better a pantyhose fits, the better it wears.)

Burlington patterns come in red onion, eggplant, spinach, and at least ten other earthy tones. The other half is really living.

Burlington
Pantyhose

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THE COOKING GAME.

ENGLISH FINESSE

Mrs. David Mlinaric
in her husband's
London studio

By Maxime McKendry



CHRISTOPHER SYKES

Martha Mlinaric, right, scraping vegetables in her city garden along with her baby, Jessica, her dog, Speed, and, at left, Maxime McKendry.

fragile, dark-eyed Martha Mlinaric looks tender enough for a princess myth; in fact, she takes care of her husband, David Mlinaric, baby daughter, Jessica, the large, rather nervous greyhound, Speed, and cooks all meals, including dinners for twenty. For parties, she begins early in the morning to prepare cold foods that are always good to look at. Tiny poached brook trout, big salads, salmon, delicious puddings: these come from a kitchen as small as a closet, are served from a sideboard formed by the tops of architects' cabinets under the skylight of a high, huge, eggplant-colored room where guests sit at a variety of round antique tables. This room shines with history; it was the studio of the painters John Singer Sargent and Augustus John, now is base for David Mlinaric's interior designing. The skylight-window looks on a city surprise—a rose garden that holds also delphiniums, lilacs, jasmine, and a mammoth tree peony looking as though it were "stuck all over with large yellow paper flowers." The city soil is not kind to herbs or vegetables; the Mlinarics raise those at their country house in Suffolk. Here are three of Martha Mlinaric's recipes, taken from friends and books, adapted by her own touch.

Egg Mousse

eight servings

5 hard-cooked eggs, peeled
Salt
Pepper
Paprika
Anchovy essence or finely chopped anchovies (bottled anchovy essence is sold at specialty food shops, such as Fraser-Morris in New York)
Worcestershire sauce
1 envelope unflavored gelatin
1 chicken bouillon cube
⅔ cup heavy cream, lightly whipped
4 tablespoons mango chutney, chopped

Put egg yolks through a fine sieve and chop whites rather fine. Season yolks to taste. Dissolve bouillon cube in ¾ cup boiling water (or use canned stock); soften gelatin in ¼ cup cold water, then dissolve in hot bouillon. Pour ⅓ cup of this aspic in a shallow pan, chill until firm. Mix remaining aspic with egg yolks and chill until somewhat thickened. Fold in beaten cream, then egg whites and chutney. Pour into serving dish. Chill well. Garnish with reserved aspic, chopped. Martha Mlinaric serves this mousse in lovely soufflé dishes, brown on the outside.

An English favorite . . . *why* do we never see this in America?

Fish Pie

bake fish with milk; when tender, flake off the bones. Sauté chopped onions until soft in butter with mixed herbs. Stir in flour to make a roux, and add milk from the fish pan to make a sauce and simmer to a creamy consistency. Season with grated cheese if you like and chopped parsley. Mix fish and some cooked shrimps into sauce; pour into a shallow fireproof casserole. Cover with a layer of mashed potatoes. Heat thoroughly in oven, then brown top under broiler. Sliced tomatoes may be placed on the potatoes before browning. Serve for luncheon with fresh vegetables or salad and perhaps cheese and fresh fruit.

Toffee Flan

four servings

¾ stick butter
7 tablespoons soft brown sugar
2 eggs, separated
Baked pie shell
Sugar

Melt butter at low heat; stir in sugar, egg yolks. Remove from heat and beat until thick. Pour into pie shell in ovenproof dish. Beat egg whites with sugar, spread meringue on pie. Bake in hot oven until lightly brown. Serve hot.

Added by a kitchen kibitzer

Shake-it-yourself Liqueur

The young Englishman who took the picture of Martha Mlinaric plays the electric organ and is an excellent cook and wine-maker, turning out elderberry and cowslip wines that "taste like good dry hock." Here's how photographer Christopher Sykes makes his fruit liqueurs:

Fill a sterilized jar half full of raspberries, strawberries, or blueberries. Sugar to taste; the longer the fruit is infused, the sharper the taste and the more need for sugar. Fill jar to the top with Polish or Russian vodka, seal, and store in a cool place—but not in the fridge. Shake up the jar every day; after six months, strain through cheesecloth into bottles.



If you don't slim down fast with Slender, you're cheating!

You, too, may lose 4 pounds the first week with Slender. Why not? Just don't backslide. Stick with 900 Slender calories a day and you'll get a thrill when you step on the scale.

Clinical study works for problem dieters

We put people, who were at least 20% overweight, on Slender for three weeks. That's four Slender meals a day, totaling 900 calories. At the end of the first week, dieters had lost an average of more than 4 pounds. During the next two weeks, losses averaged 3½ pounds a week. Many of the dieters on the program told us they were not unduly hungry and found Slender "surprisingly filling."

Low in calories, high in nutrition

Many 900 calorie diets are fad diets which emphasize one nutrient over others. But a Slender meal is nutritionally balanced. Whether it's instant Slender, mixed in milk, or Slender chilled from the can —every glass supplies ¼ of your daily recommended adult dietary allowance of protein. Plus the regular vitamins and minerals you need, including vitamins C and B-complex.

Slender counts calories for you

With Slender, you don't have to get involved with measuring out tiny portions of this and that. And you avoid costly calorie mistakes which may undo your diet. Slender counts the calories, so you always know where you stand in the calorie battle.

How to slim down sensibly with Slender

If you want fast results to get your incentive up, go strictly Slender for a week. Then go back to other foods in diet proportions, but have your Slender for at least one meal. Whether you go strictly Slender again for another week later on depends on how much you want to lose. But you should ask your doctor before starting any program aimed at weight loss.

One thing's certain, you'll find Slender wears well in your diet. It's so rich and satisfying, and that's without artificial sweeteners. Slender from Carnation. Dieting without nonsense.

Fond of things Italiano?
Try a sip of Galliano.



MAYA MORIN, Italian film actress, appears in Federico Fellini's SATYRICON.
Her "Galliano Gold" gown is by famed Italian designer Biki of Milan. Photographed at "Palatine Hill," Rome.

Night and day

Peter Wong: by day . . .

a stockbroker with a fine modern style. It shows in the clean design of his office at City Investing Corp., and in the suits he wears to that office. **1.** Peter in a well shaped wool knit suit—crisp geometric pattern in slate blue and grey—navy-and-white houndstooth weave wide silk tie, long-pointed collar, white broadcloth shirt . . .

and by night . . .

he is seven-year-old DeeDee's impeccably dressed father. **2.** His black alpaca dinner jacket has peaked black Qiana satin lapels. White shirt, black velvet butterfly bow. Peter's tailor: Lino Lentini, 61 East 57th Street, New York City.





ELLEN BLUME GRAH

Billy Walters by day . . .

is a partner in Walters, Yeckes and Gallant, Inc., investment bankers, and a man who knows what he likes: blue. His offices and his clothes are all in that color. **3.** Billy in a blue denim wool knit suit, classic in cut, and pale blue shirt, wide navy silk tie . . .

and by night . . .

he sticks with blue denim, **4,** in a relaxed safari suit, topstitched in white, white cotton lisle turtleneck, russet patent slip-on shoes, and russet patent belt. . . . Lino Lentini is Billy's tailor, too.





JACK ROBINS

Scent strategy for fall

Just in time for the football season, a brand-new scent, Game Plan, in the stores. Power Play cologne, Face Guard after-shave, and Linebacker soap on a rope are being introduced this month by Latour Products, all potent masculine blends with a clean tang to them. The broad-shouldered bottles in blue or red glass resemble stylized footballs, topped with stylized football helmets. Game Plan, from $3 to $7.50, in stores now, including Altman's in New York.



The Beautiful Bath.

CHANTILLY PERFUME FROM $10. CRÈME DE CHANTILLY, $5. EMOLLIENT BATH CRYSTALS, $5. DUSTING POWDER, $5.

Vogue's point of view:



GREAT YEAR FOR COATS

Wherever you turn this year—Europe or America—if you're looking for a coat, you're going to find one; if you have many, you'll find a reason to have more....It's as though every designer everywhere had decided: this year, hell or high water, everybody gets everything she has ever needed or wanted or wished for in a coat. And here it is—delivered. First, from Paris.

DAVID BAILEY

Cardin's skirted coat

Small and stitched to the hip, then full—one of the prettiest coats anywhere, in grey flannel tied with a leather tape and worn with Cardin's red cap, tights, shoes. Coat, of Chatillon-Mouly-Roussel wool. Made in America by Pierre Cardin-New York for Bonwit Teller; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Neiman-Marcus. ...More Paris coats, next page. More Paris everything, page 62.



IN PARIS

Great year for coats

—biggest, most luxurious at Dior

the super-est fur-trimmed day coat, above: Dior's wrap-and-tie coat in patterned brown suède with the biggest fur collar in Paris—masses of marmot turned up about the face and lots more, the size of muffs, on each cuff. To order at I. Magnin. . . . **the super-est fur-trimmed evening coat,** opposite: Dior's long evening wrap coat in red, purple, and black leather with a whopping black fox collar, wide fox cuffs, and a fierce gleam of Tartary in its shine, movement, depth, with just a bare black long velvet dress underneath—if you think coats, this is luxury. To order at I. Magnin. Makeup, by Serge Lutens for Dior (you can see it more closely on the cover of this issue). And the super-est perfume—with furs like these, absolutely the most—Diorissimo. Jewels by Dior. Christophe Carita coiffures.

DAVID BAILEY



GREAT YEAR FOR COATS

Dior's beauty—the big-collared apricot coat lighting the apricot eye

The color of the coat, the collar of the coat, the coloring of the eye against the skin—everything that is Dior is here. Even the way the hair is arranged—simply drawn back, twisted, and caught with an apricot comb—even this is part of the total feeling. Luxurious. Feminine. Pure. Perfect calm without interruption or distraction. And all so beautiful you could die....The apricot lights and shadows used by Dior's brilliant makeup designer, Serge Lutens, could have been taken from Marc Bohan's own palette. His choice of skin tone, a pale shade of Teint Naturel liquid makeup called Sable 690, is brushed over with a soft warm Dior Blush, Paprika 750—the same color that makes the apricot eye, spanning the entire arch from lid to brow. On the lips, Très Gai tone of Dior lipstick, Fou Rire lipstick....All makeup by Dior. Coif by Christophe Carita.

The coat, apricot double-faced wool with a big curved collar circling the face, small shoulders—shaped to the waist over a long crêpe dress in the same shade of apricot. Coat in Carigue wool. At Holt Renfrew of Canada. To order, at I. Magnin, Dior jewels

DAVID BAILEY



IN AMERICA

GREAT YEAR FOR COATS

a coat by any other name —the cashmere poncho and tones of brown



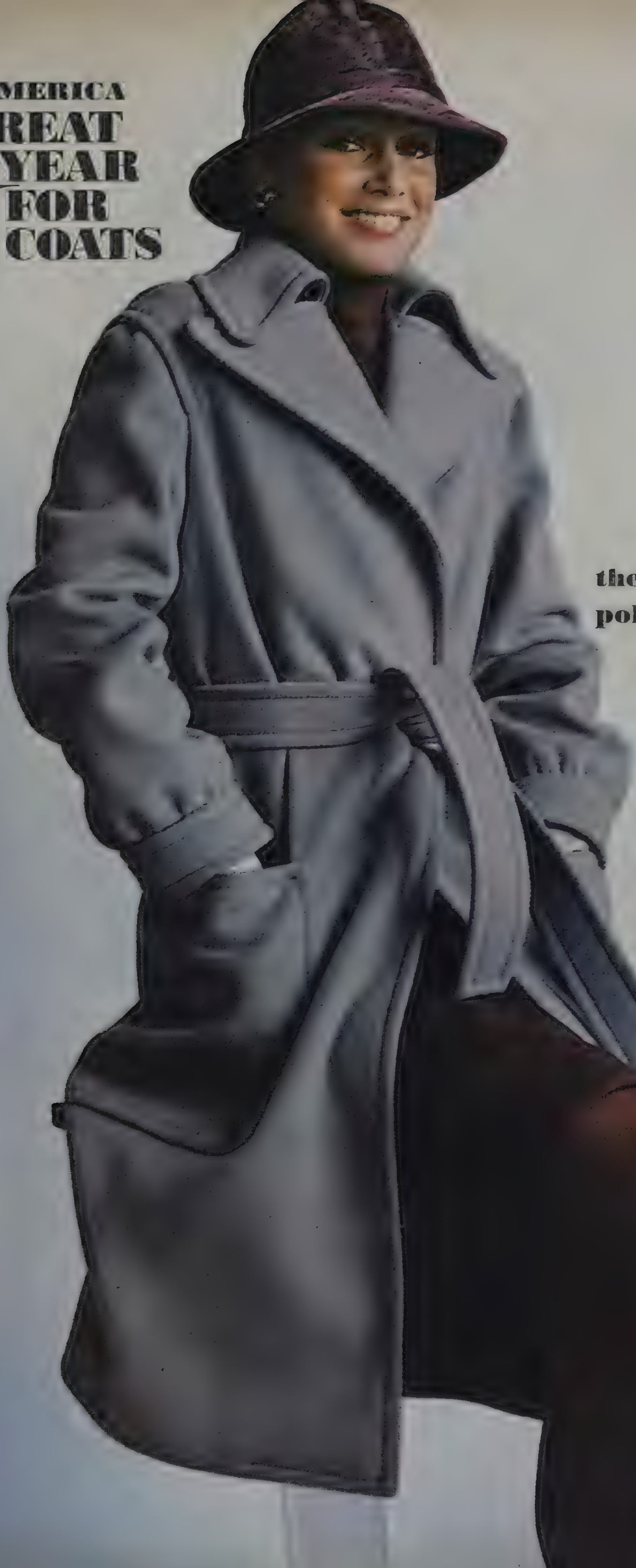
another length of coat—the belted fur jacket in tones of brown

The cashmere poncho, *left*, so soft it falls almost without weight . . . pants in a flecked tweed about one shade darker . . . ivory turtleneck . . . bitter-chocolate velours hat just banged on . . . a whole tawny lynx skin thrown over the shoulder for pure panache. All these tones and textures. All this dash—no wonder Halston, who made it, is getting the Coty Award this year. . . . Very soft look for a very sharp fur jacket, *right:* skunk streaking from dark brown to pale, tightly belted and right in the mood of suède pants, tweed skirts, ski gear later—the kind of thing that's landed Anne Klein in Coty's Hall of Fame.

Left: By Halston Limited. Poncho, about $400; pants, about $200 (both in Amicale Fabrics). Bloomingdale's; Sakowitz. Sweater, $90; natural lynx skin, $400. Both, at Halston Limited. . . . *Right:* Bleached North American skunk jacket by Anne Klein for H.B.A. Furs. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Swanson's; Joseph Magnin. Suède pants, about $170, at Gucci. Both pages: Maury Hopson coifs; makeup by Coty; Accessories, next to last page.

IN AMERICA

GREAT YEAR FOR COATS



the wrap-and-tie polo coat

When you're in a knit dress, a shirt and skirt, pants and sweaters, tuck yourself up in the wrappy grey Melton, *left*—you will be cozy, dashing, and in the mood. . . . For a wonderful mood—yours and everybody who sees you—chrome-yellow fox, *right*, to throw over black wool pants and turtleneck for day, a black charmeuse pyjama at night. (Do you carry things off well? with panache?—then try it one day over a red dress. Joy to the world!)



the bright fur cardigan coat

Opposite page: By Geoffrey Beene; Anglo Fabrics wool loomed in America. About $295. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle's-Cleveland; Dayton's; Swanson's; Sakowitz; May D & F. . . . *Left:* By Chester Weinberg Furs; of yellow-dyed Norwegian blue fox. Bonwit Teller; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; L.S. Ayres. Coiffure by Maury Hopson. Accessories, both pages, next to last page.

IN AMERICA

GREAT YEAR FOR COATS

patterned, quilted—the furry-lined coat

patterned, quilted, furry inside—the longest coat



quilted patterns for evening— the hooded velvet wrap coat

Far left: There are days when you'd give anything for a coat like this—the wind's blowing, you're in skirts, leotards, pants, boots—whatever: you're warm and rugged as a Turkish shepherd in your printed cotton "pustincha" coat trimmed with real lamb, lined with fake, quilted inside and out. . . . *Center left:* Hot flowers outside, furry red inside, quilted through and through—a mad marvelous coat you're going to find a lot more practical than you might think. Imagine it, for instance, over a red cashmere sweater-dress or a purple one for day . . . bare black at night. . . . *Near left:* Just in time for the fun—an ankle-length flower-quilted velvet coat to bundle up all your party dresses. Snuggle in, draw the hood up close, wrap and tie—or wear reversed, with cotton flowers catching the light, when you're in that sort of mood.

Far left: Anne Klein for designers' Melange, in Fisher & Gentile cotton and fake fur of Dacron (Borg Textiles fabric). About $385. Saks Fifth Avenue; Swanson's; Sakowitz. . . . Center left: Wear Dated coat by Giorgio di Sant' Angelo, of Acrilan, lined in fake fur of Verel and Acrilan (Glenoit fabric). About $325. End of October, at Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. This page, coiffures by Maury Hopson. . . . ; Near left: Alleycat by Betsey Johnson. About $115. Lord & Taylor, New York; Gus Mayer; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. All accessories, next to last page.



the long evening coat— in pale mink

IN AMERICA
GREAT YEAR FOR COATS

This isn't the coat for just any evening, *opposite page:* it's the one with all the sweep and entrance, jewels out of the vault, Lamborghini out of the garage—pale, pale mink to the floor heaped with lynx....An impeccably tailored reefer, *left,* made of the darkest, shiniest mink there is—and made with narrow shoulders, small high armholes, notched revers. Sharp, correct, great over everything, day or night.

Opposite: Made to order by Maximilian, in natural "Tourmaline" Emba pale beige mink, natural Russian lynx. Also at Nan Duskin; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Sakowitz. Rayon matte jersey dress by Scott Barrie, about $150. At Bloomingdale's. Maury Hopson coiffure....Left: By Galanos for Neustadter Furs, in "Blackglama" Great Lakes natural dark ranch mink. At Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Accessories, both pages, next to last page this issue.

PENATI

the double-breasted reefer—in dark mink

GREAT YEAR FOR COATS

Norell's fur-trimmed coat—big-collared and belted

Always be surprised by Norell—just when you think there's nothing more to know about the delicacy and the nuances of his tailoring, he gives us this new, simple, fluid, small/big, glorious coat-shape, and...if wishes were horses, yes?....Fur-trimmed, *left*—the new coat-shape in cream wool with small, beautiful shoulders—the illusion of width is all in the huge black Persian lamb collar....Same idea, *right*, in a plaid of blue, beige, white—and if you can't believe a coat this trim can be ample, you don't know your Norell: underneath is that very proper pants tailleur—have you ever seen anything so pure—so perfect! If the world were our oyster, we'd put it together like this every day.

big-collared and belted—the coat over a pants suit

Fur-trimmed wool coat at Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Stanley Korshak; I. Magnin. . . . Wool plaid coat and suit, with a white wool jersey turtle-neck, at Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Coiffures, both pages, by Maury Hopson. Accessory details, next to last page of this issue.

PENATI

IN AMERICA

GREAT YEAR FOR COATS



black for a rainy night

More precious than a taxi on a wet night, *right:* a really good-looking black satin trench coat that doesn't make an issue about being a raincoat, but is—and long enough to keep everything dry....For day, for dinner, for Russian princesses in disguise, *center:* shining fake black broadtail bordered in real black lamb—a little coat with a lot of polish to it, literally and every other way....For a small-boned woman, *far right:* a fur-collared wrap coat in perfect scale—black mouton on black wool Melton, curved to the midriff by a rust suède band and belted—all very concise and pretty.

Right: Bill Blass for Bond Street; acetate fabric treated with water-repellent finish. About $200. Saks Fifth Avenue; Jacobson's, Michigan; Harzfeld's; Neusteters. Maury Hopson coif. ...Center: By Russell Taylor; rayon broadtail fur (J. L. de Ball of America) with Argentine lamb trim. About $245. Altman's; Garfinckel's, Washington, D. C.; Hudson's; J. W. Robinson....Far right: Fur-trimmed coat by Stephen Burrows, of Anglo Fabrics wool Melton (loomed in America), collar of dyed Mouton-processed lamb. Henri Bendel; Marie Leavell. Coiffure by Everett of Kenneth. Accessory details, both pages, next to last page, this issue.

black for the
fake fur coat

black for the
fur-trimmed coat

IN AMERICA

GREAT YEAR FOR COATS



fur jacket,
frosted mink



fur jacket,
dark mink

The shortest coat: a fur jacket—warm, luxe-y, terrifically racy over pants....Frosted mink, *left*, with strapped sleeves, a shrug kind of everyday ease—and dash....Dark mink blazer, *above*, buttoned in brass, that takes on anything any other blazer does and then some—city or country, day or night.

Left: By Anne Klein for H. B. A. Furs, in natural "Jasmine," Emba mink dyed snow-top beige. Bonwit Teller; Montaldo's; Joseph Magnin.... Above: By Ben Kahn, in "Blackglama," Great Lakes natural dark ranch mink. Ben Kahn at Cartier's; Nan Duskin; Gidding-Jenny. Coiffures by Everett of Kenneth.

PENATI



suède coat, fur-lined

the suit under coats

You name it—this suède coat, *near right,* has it. It ties. It's fur-lined. Fur-trimmed. Long and warm and wonderful—in navy with black Mongolian lamb—over practically anything you own. Morning, noon, night. ...The undercoat suit, *far right,* that's only one jump away from a sweater and skirt—soft, small red cardigan belted over pleats. So absolutely easy and fast you ought to get it right now and give it a run on its own before it goes under for good.

Near right: By Leslie Fulop for Beged-Or. About $475. Saks Fifth Avenue; L. S. Ayres; Dayton's; The Denver. Far right: By Stanley Sherman for Couture Intl., of wool loomed in America (Bellaine Fabrics). About $165. Altman's; Carson Pirie Scott; Dayton's; Frederick & Nelson. Coiffure by Maurice Tidy of Vidal Sassoon. Accessories, both pages, next to last page this issue.

they tie...

IN AMERICA
GREAT YEAR FOR COATS

...and wrap

The softness of cashmere, *above*, the sharpness of navy and brass: a coat that's good and easy in every way—the way it buttons, the way it ties, the way it feels....You get a lot to like in the long grey wrap coat, *right*—the perfect length for pants; a warm and nifty proportion over skirts and boots.

Above: Originala designed by Ilie Wacs; about $395. Lord & Taylor; Hudson's; Stanley Korshak; Montaldo's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Coiffure by Maurice Tidy of Vidal Sassoon. Right: By Calvin Klein, in Stevens Hockanum flannel (woolmark fabric). Coat about $130. Bloomingdale's; Hutzler's; Joseph Horne; Hudson's; Amelia Gray. Kenneth wig arranged by Everett.



...and wrap

...and tie

The camel's-hair polo coat, *left*—such an all-time great, you just haven't lived until you've owned at least one. So grab this quick—flip up the big gutsy collar, give the sash a fast yank, and go.... Vicuña-colored Melton cloth, *right*—collar big enough to brave a gale, pockets deep as wells, all the whopping dash you want, wrapped and held by a wide belt.

Left: By Jaeger, in wool and camel's hair. About $170. Lord & Taylor; Gidding-Jenny; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Maury Hopson coiffure. Right: By Muriel Reade for the Joseph Stein Collection, in Stevens Forstmann wool, loomed in America. About $165. Bergdorf Goodman; B. Forman; Hengerer's; Kaufmann's; Hudson's; Stix, Baer & Fuller. Coiffure by Everett of Kenneth. Accessories, both pages, next to last page.

PENATI

WOMAN'S IN

"WOMAN TOOK UP THE MYTH THAT THIS TALENT WAS UNIQUELY HERS"

BY EILEEN SIMPSON

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Eileen Berryman Simpson, a practicing psychologist who was a Paris-based staff member of the* American Journal of Psychotherapy, *is now associated with the Downstate Hospital, Department of Child and Adolescent Psychology, in New York.*

"I have no other but a woman's reason: I think him so because I think him so." Lucetta, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona,* has advised her mistress, Julia, that among the suitors who are after her hand Proteus is the one she should fall in love with. Why Proteus, Julia asks? Lucetta cannot explain. She doesn't reason. She relies on intuition.

Shakespeare's lines sum up an age-old attitude toward the intellectual ability of women. If man is a thing that thinks, to paraphrase Descartes (*"Je suis une chose qui pense"*), woman is a thing that doesn't; she intuits. That intuition is a gift distributed unevenly among us is fact; that it is uniquely, or even especially, feminine is fiction.

If we imagine the whole of intuition as a circle and cut out from it a quarter wedge, we will have our subject—what is called "ordinary" intuition. (The other three-quarters, "technical" intuition, is concerned with the problem of intuitive knowledge of the axioms of logic, mathematics, and ethical principles.) Although philosophers from Aristotle to Bertrand Russell differ in their degree of interest in this "ordinary" variety, none of them has had anything to say about its gender. Nor, with rare exceptions, have the psychologists and psychoanalysts.

From where, then, the notion that it is an especially feminine gift? From men, undoubtedly. Early on, man, deciding that woman was incapable of reason (a reasonable conviction in the days when she was left uneducated), preempted reason for himself. But what to do with the awkward evidence that she came to certain conclusions of her own? It must be through intuition. Not aware that she was being patronized, woman took up the myth that this talent was uniquely hers. She began to make her assertions and predictions with a certain sphinx-like air. She "just knew."

Often what she "just knows" is not intuition at all. She "feels" that the child she is carrying will be a boy. And it is. Is this intuition? A lucky guess more likely, considering the limited possibilities. She predicts that a plane will crash. No crash? Then it was not intuition, but anxiety. Or it comes to her, as she pushes the button on the dishwasher, that her husband has begun an affair with their daughter's college roommate. This turns out, alas, to be correct. Unless her husband's behavior has been transparent, here we have a true, if minor, intuition.

How does it work? With a leap, in a flash, without prodding induction or deduction, subliminally, mysteriously, having listened with the third ear and looked with an eye at the back of the head, an assertion, or prediction, is made about matters of fact in circumstances where reliance on the standard procedures of inquiry are ruled out. (In the case of the unfaithful husband, a standard procedure would be conducted by a private detective or by the wife acting as a detective, reading her husband's mail, snooping.) A reflective, introspective, receptive, empathetic "set" is necessary. *And* study. Some people have it in a remarkable degree. Others, like Lucetta, have a touch of it. Many have it not at all. A spouse, a parent, a child can have it. The gambler, the detective, the judge need it. Creative artists, witch doctors, generals cannot work without it. This is the way philosophers and psychologists describe intuition. Not a word do they say about its sex.

Dr. Jules Lallemand, a French psychologist, (Continued on page 126)

"INTUITION DOES NOT COME NATURALLY"

By Dorothy Otnow Lewis, M.D., and Ruth Backes

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dr. Dorothy Otnow Lewis is a psychiatrist and a member of the faculty of the Yale University School of Medicine from which she was graduated. Ruth Backes is Coordinator of Education and Information at the Connecticut Mental Health Center.*

Men have been reluctant to grant that women have social, intellectual, financial, and political capabilities. They are quick, however, to concede to women the faculty of intuition. Such generosity is suspect—or perhaps women are not only intuitive but also inordinately suspicious these days.

Intuition implies not only exquisite, civilized sensitivity but also base, primitive instinct. It takes a dog, not a professor, to smell a rat; a nose, not a cerebrum.

Logical and rational thought is considered uncharacteristic of most women and it is assumed that a mysterious, illogical, emotion-laden process is at work when women take to problem solving. Women's observing, coding, sorting, categorizing, and synthesizing of the facts must be rapid and unobserved; her conclusions reached swiftly and unobtrusively. She must not let her logic show. Evidence of logical thinking is often equated with aggressiveness and discouraged in women. Therefore, many women cannot even accept this logical faculty in themselves and must dismiss their greatest insights as mere intuition. In this way women collude in the perpetuation of the myth.

At its best, intuition implies an ability to perceive things quickly and accurately. It requires a combination of empathy and logic. The logical steps leading to what looks like an instantaneous observation are tacit and often the external cues and internal reasoning are unconcious so the process may appear to be magic. The mind at such times operates more like a computer than a crystal ball. It absorbs a large quantity of data and correlates it with large quantities of past and present information.

David Rapaport, M.D., says that intuition and empathy are the archetype of our knowledge about other people. Truly creative thinking is a combination of both the ability to reason and the ability to feel. Women as a group are more likely to be able to do this: to interweave feelings with the thinking process. This is probably related to the fact that the expression of feelings by women is more accepted by our society than such an expression by men; and, for this reason, such sensitivity is cultivated more often by women.

Intuition does not come naturally. If some women seem more sensitive and perceptive—intuitive—than some men, one can be sure their sensitivities derive from long years of informal training. Women have developed this skill as a device to cope with a variety of situations in a world where the reins of power are held by men.

One might speculate that the mystery surrounding women derives basically from their sexual functioning and is then attributed to their intellectual endowment. Women's sexual organs are hidden. As such, they are perceived by men as mysterious and potentially dangerous. Women are not supposed to be studied—like demonology or the German language during the World Wars.

Psychiatry is one of the medical specialties that openly admits to making use of intuitive insights both diagnostically and therapeutically. Erik Erikson unabashedly refers to the "clinical hunch." Psychiatry does not use this kind of thinking to the exclusion of other modes. It does, however, consider intuition, as we defined it, a reputable means of information sorting, accomplished largely on an unconscious level. ▼

TUITION DO YOU HAVE IT? DOES ANYONE?

About woman's insight, there is a sort of folklore we inherit"

BY CHRISTINA STEAD

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Christina Stead, short-story writer and novelist, wrote* The Man Who Loved Children, *a novel republished to stunning reviews in 1965, twenty-five years after its first printing. A third-generation Australian, Christina Stead lives now in London.*

"There are many things science has not explained," we say, and "There are powers it is better not to go into too deeply"—probably with the idea that to look too closely and too long (as the poet Ettore Rella says) is to make things disappear. Is that true of feminine intuition?

It is possible that women have something like the cat's whiskers or the snake's tongue that puts them in possession of certain knowledge immediately: not knowledge of the multiplication table, which must be learned along with the boys, or the next turn of the stock exchange, which no one knows, but of what it is necessary in daily life to know. A girl does not get a job in a shop, factory, clinic, or library because she has feminine intuition; she does not use it when driving, sitting as magistrate, or when her child has diphtheria: she works, studies, observes street signals, sends for the doctor. In fact, women are never tested for it and the stories about it are usually trifles and trash too feeble for a morning coffee; yet, in a way, people believe in it.

George Sand wrote, "There is nothing less logical than daily life." Facts roll in that do not fit our facts; to accept or reject them must be done at once, so that we feel comfortable or know what to do: we need a handy instrument. Instant judgment, immediate deduction is usually absolutely necessary for us, and for it we are obliged to rely on our intuition, a sort of ready reckoner. We do it, we are used to it, and think nothing of it. So do men. This is true of teachers, lawyers, doctors, people in critical situations, the pursuer and the pursued. Rapid or instant decisions are needed and the wrong choice may be fatal: and what we then have, the guess, the half-formed notion, the hunch, the intimation, the divination, we call intuition. All these exist.

It is likely that the more we know, the better our intuitions. Yet, strangely enough, we also retain quite superstitiously our belief in the untaught intuitions of children, dogs, mother's sour shrewdness; and though the child goes to its murderer for a chocolate or a car ride, the dog deserts its fond owner for a chop, and the woman soaked in home truths is deluded by a coaxing salesman, we like to believe in their illogic.

All this is based on a simple-hearted belief in a truth, a good and bad, to which local conditions, sickness, temperament, hypocrisy are irrelevant. There is a truth and there must be someone who knows, some bright-eyes who can take us through the confusion; and so we go to the crystal gazer and even lose sleep over a teacup sibyl. There is a truth if we could spot it: there must be a litmus paper for people. This natural longing leads to fictions and interesting daydreams, and probably blinds us to the real nature of intuition.

About women's insight, there is a sort of folklore we inherit. Many women and more men believe in women's peculiar gifts of divination: our husbands, brothers, lovers, sons believe it; more male writers than female refer to it; a sort of shorthand for saying "she was truly feminine, more sensitive, and so saw it all differently," a careless gallantry. It is something, we infer, left out of male makeup. Women have benefited and suffered from this, which is related to the sex taboos and mysteries; to the white goddesses; to the wicked hag of the gingerbread house; "the noonday witch"; Goethe's "eternal feminine which leads us forward" (a nauseating sentimentality, but related to the concept of Penelope, Solveig, Deirdre, (Continued on page 130)

"With understanding, confidence, and help, intuition can be improved"

BY GERARD I. NIERENBERG

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Gerard I. Nierenberg, a noted lawyer and writer, is also a founder of the General Semantics Foundation and a senior partner in the New York law firm of Nierenberg, Zeif and Weinstein. He is author of* Creative Business Negotiating *and co-author of* How to Read a Person Like a Book, *published this month.*

Advising her husband, a woman will often predict: "I feel this *will* be right." She is not even saying that it *is* at that time the right course, but she sees it as right for the future. When questioned, she will admit that the only basis for such advice is her woman's intuition. Yet there are few married men who would not admit that they most likely regretted it if they did not follow such advice. Those who will not are afraid of encountering "I told you so." On closer analysis most husbands will recognize that there was some type of communication that their wives had been sensitive to but that they had missed. Even highly intelligent men can make grave errors for lack of intuition. They may, by an alleged masculine mystique, tend to be bound to limiting rules of logic, models, and verifiable outside criteria for guidance.

Intuition is an important element in the decision-making process. Today, it has taken on the connotation of a feminine trait. Many men as well as women have that special sense, but it seems that in day-to-day situations women have more confidence in using it. Most women have no qualms about making decisions simply on their momentary feelings. (Possibly the accepted right for a woman to change her mind gives her such confidence.)

Do not get the impression that a woman's intuition is an infallible process. For example, a woman in court waiting to be interrogated for jury service raised her hand and the judge asked her, "What is the matter?" She said that she could not possibly serve on the jury. "Why not?" Pointing her finger accusingly, she replied, "One look at the defendant and I can tell he is guilty." The judge said, "Madam, please sit down, you are pointing at the District Attorney."

Philosophers since Plato and psychologists since Helmholtz have considered intuition. Jung decided it is inherited. Others claim it is a product of the individual's experience. No matter which or both, educational programs of today do nothing towards utilizing or giving insight into this productive process.

Everyone has intuition. With understanding, confidence, and help, it can be improved. The following methodology can be useful.

There are many aspects in understanding the intuitive process. The initial layer is usually called "women's intuition." Over one hundred years ago Helmholtz considered it as a rapid, unconscious inference. A working definition for woman's intuition is that it consists of a half-conscious blend of innumerable minute observations. For example, we are all aware that a woman has a greater tendency to look for small details and observe them more accurately than a man. She will quickly note if someone's heels are run down, hair roots need touching up, nail polish is chipped, cuticles are rough, hair overbleached, etc. (Continued on page 126)

THE PARIS LOOK

There are no identity crises in Paris this year. When you're at Saint Laurent—or at Dior, Givenchy, Cardin, Ungaro, Grès—you know where you are. And you know you're in couture. Here, without gimmicks or grandstanding, is the real luxuriousness of fashion—the confidence, the polish. Everything thought out and in and through so that what is seen, finally, is the most perfect thing—the only *possible* thing. The wit is there and the flirt and the surprise, but in context. The context of the fashion, of the house; above all, of the woman each couturier sees in his mind's eye as his client—the woman who comes to Paris from anywhere in the world and puts herself in his hands. This season, the couture has come through for her in a very, very big way—and, by extension, for every woman. Because what Paris has shown us are clothes that, in the most basic sense—beyond the whole incredible business of hemlines—simply whet one's appetite for fashion. Beautiful, uncomplicated, practical clothes. Personal clothes: know your designer, you know where you stand . . . **Saint Laurent's** entire collection can be visualized on a certain kind of woman. She has style, adventurousness. And what she's going to want first is his new smock-coat—his only coat shape—and the most prophetic in Paris: wide-shouldered, waist-banded, shirty. A blouson coat, not big but full . . . very soft . . . always in a velvety wool or velvet . . . over dresses . . . over ribby cat-suits, with little wedge boots and small, hair-covering caps. Same silhouette chopped—as a jacket for pants, for slim long evening dresses. Same silhouette unwaisted (see, right)—superduper-est smock over pants, kilts, sweaters and skirts. . . . The jacket you don't know you need till you see it—then, wow!—his great quilted black satin life jacket, pouffy, rounded in back over a long, narrow satin dress. . . . At this house, every house: black at night . . . and the most appealing short black dress was here—thinnest wool, lightly wrapped, with wafty organza ruffles all around the neck, down to the waist. And the most talked about dresses: the rustle of taffetas he called Proust dresses. The coquetry of these!—the swish of the big taffeta skirts—they are going to bring taffeta into our lives. . . . The **Dior** woman is a woman—not a girl—and a pretty woman. She understands luxury, demands luxury—in understandable clothes. Marc Bohan has given her the moon. From the coloring and choice of fabric, to the finish and cut and shape—to the most ravishing apricot eyes against palest skin—he has made a collection that is as deep and luxurious as sitting in a Maserati with a splendid fur throw, but never too rich to take. . . . Charming, unaffected little suits. Wonderful coats . . . big, rounded collars on all. The big fur collar on his fur-collared coat—bigger, furrier, luxe-ier than anyone's, anywhere, ever. The coat that will put a lot of us in a wide coat again—small to the small of the back, then falling way away. . . . A long princesse-shaped evening coat in apricot wool over a paler apricot crêpe dress—so pure it takes your breath away. A fur-trimmed coat to end all fur-trimmed coats—bands of brilliant leather wrapped, swinging to the ankle, and a tempest of black fox. . . . Dior's furs are presented like diamonds; **Givenchy's,** like a perfect throwaway . . . swung over very casual clothes and pulled together with the most tactful finish and follow-through . . . cashmere jumpshorts, tights, nanny gloves, an ankle-strap suède wedge . . . all in brown, or navy (at Givenchy, the most remarkable colors in the world). Everything luxe, sportive, chic . . . for that kind of woman. . . . Every house has a little black suit, each for its own prototype client. **Cardin's** black suit—with its small peplum jacket, ribby turtleneck, and tight jersey cap—is the Cardin woman *assoluta:* small-boned, a bit of a soubrette . . . sexy in a wool suit. Her dress—and there isn't a better one anywhere: a soft, bias-y wool voile—pared, simple, absolutely nothing to it—cloth thrown against the body. Printed for day, slit the limit at night—sensational! . . . **Ungaro's** girl is the girl of today . . . fit, daring . . . in-and-out-of-doors all day . . . meeting someone for lunch 2,000 miles away. Ungaro has provided everything but her plane fare. His layered looks—from one as simple as a belted wool coat over a short-sleeved striped dress with a long-sleeved dotted dress under it to the fantastic, sleeveless, fluffy fur coats over sleeved crochet coats over a crochet bathing suit that seems suddenly as inevitable as hot sun in a Gstaad weekend—a triumph of dash and good sense over weather. . . . Every woman should get to **Grès**—don't try to understand the bias cuts or how so much fabric can be displaced so beautifully. It's enough that Grès understands. The pleasure is in seeing her things move . . . seeing a tent dress of such volume it has to be big, but isn't . . . in a taffeta so fine it looks as if she had peeled off just the skin of the fabric . . . and to imagine oneself in it. This is all anyone really comes to Paris for—to see something so seductive to the eye that it becomes, on sight, what you have wanted forever. . . . This is the essence of the Paris Look now.



DAVID BAILEY

saint laurent's new smock cut

Wider-shouldered, shirt-collared, cut like a Normandy peasant's smock—the silhouette that really took off at this house....At its most dégagé, *left*, in brown velvet swung over grey jersey pants, belted black sweater, pin-dot shirt, plus a cozy crochet cap—upbeat, modern. In the Saint Laurent manner.

Smock, Bianchini fabric; pants, Racine. To order; I. Magnin.

THE PARIS LOOK

cardin's small black suit ...printed body dress

The prettiest suit we've seen in years, *right*—black wool seamed to the waist, rounded with a peplum....Best day dress in Paris, *opposite*—black-and-mulberry wool voile, small-bodied, flows as rain. Cardin's bandage-y little signature cap in black jersey.

The suit, of Cardin wool, imported in America by Dorothy Cardin-New York for Bernard Tobin, costs at Horne's Neiman-Marcus...the dress, of Cardin fabric, for $45 at Fifth Avenue Seventeen.

DAVID BAILEY





THE PARIS LOOK

saint laurent's smock as a coat...and the catsuit under it



DAVID BAILEY

Waist-banded version, *opposite*, of his new wider-shouldered silhouette: everything full, soft, but never big—most prophetic shape for coats and jackets. Here, the smock-coat in red velvety wool...and, *left*, the black catsuit Saint Laurent layered underneath: ribby turtleneck, tights, tiny shorts with crochet edges. Plus a pompon cap and catfeet suède boots on thick crêpe wedges.

Of Dormeuil wool. To order at I. Magnin. Cap and boots by Saint Laurent.

THE PARIS LOOK

saint laurent's smock as a jacket, day and night



This time, with a sash—the key silhouette at Saint Laurent: wider-shouldered, shirty...in wine velvet for evening, *left*, over a printed satin crêpe dress in yellow, orange, wine; apricot chiffon wrapped around the head....Beige wool for day, *right*—the smock-jacket sashed over brown jersey pants.

Left: Jacket, Bianchini velvet. Dress, Abraham fabric. *Right:* Dormeuil wool jacket. Racine wool jersey pants. Everything, to order at I. Magnin. Accessories by Saint Laurent—including, naturellement, the Saint Laurent everyone puts on first: his great perfume Y.

DAVID BAILEY



THE PARIS LOOK

saint laurent's quilted satin life jacket, the Proust dress

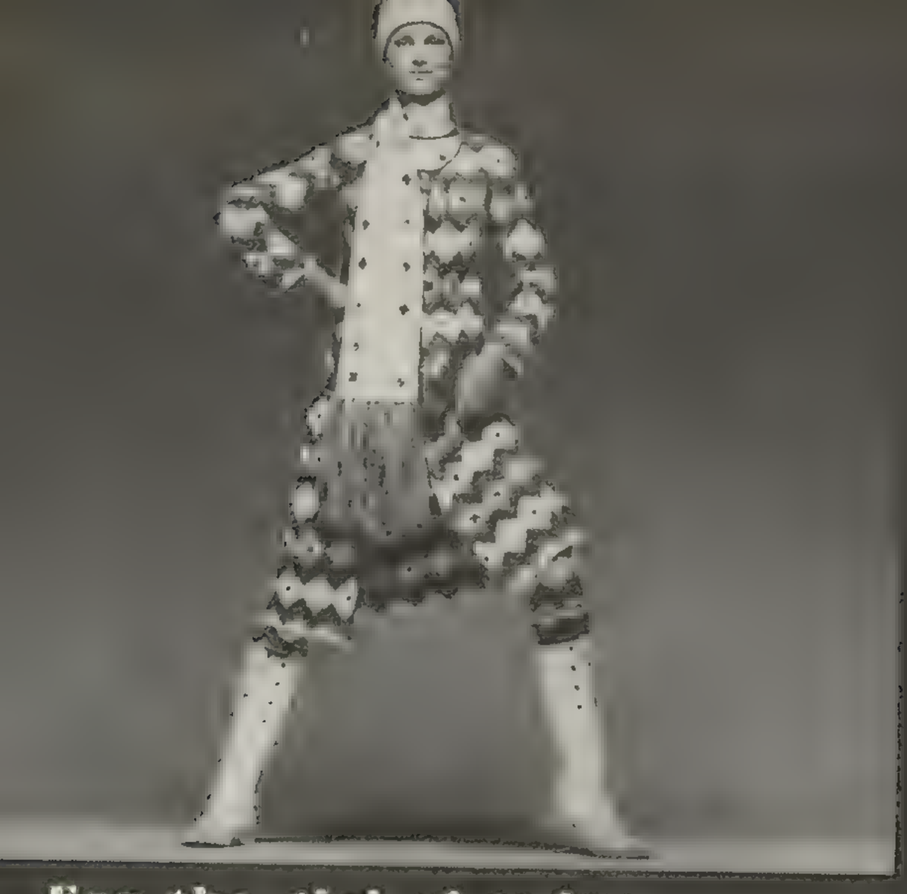


The perfect evening jacket, *left*—pouffy life-jacket quilting in black satin, ruffled around the front, very full and rounded in back—beautiful new line over a long, narrow satin dress.... Dark-green taffeta and ruffles, *right:* one of Saint Laurent's romantic Proust dresses—the most talked about evening look in Paris. Here, with a deep décolletage and big flounced skirt.

Left: Jacket of Bianchini quilted satin. Black-and-gold dress, of crêpe-backed satin by Abraham. To order, I. Magnin. Right: Dress: Buche taffeta. To order, I. Magnin. Both pages, Saint Laurent accessories. Christophe Carita coiffures.

DAVID BAILEY





For the girl of today, Ungaro's strip act to beat the weather, whether you're on a cold street, in a hot room, or anywhere in between....Starting out in winter, *far right*, with a big sensational sleeveless white goat coat held together with bands of printed suède....Under it, a long-sleeved hotpad-crochet cardigan coat-dress (shown goat-less, *above*). ...And finally, the crochet maillot over tights, *right*—not just another layer under layers, but a statement about the Ungaro woman: modern, sure of herself, and in great shape.... Everything—pompon cap to muffler to knee-warmers—in crochet patterns of pink, white, blue, beige; plus white boots. A complete, perfect day.

At Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin.

DAVID BAILEY

THE PARIS LOOK

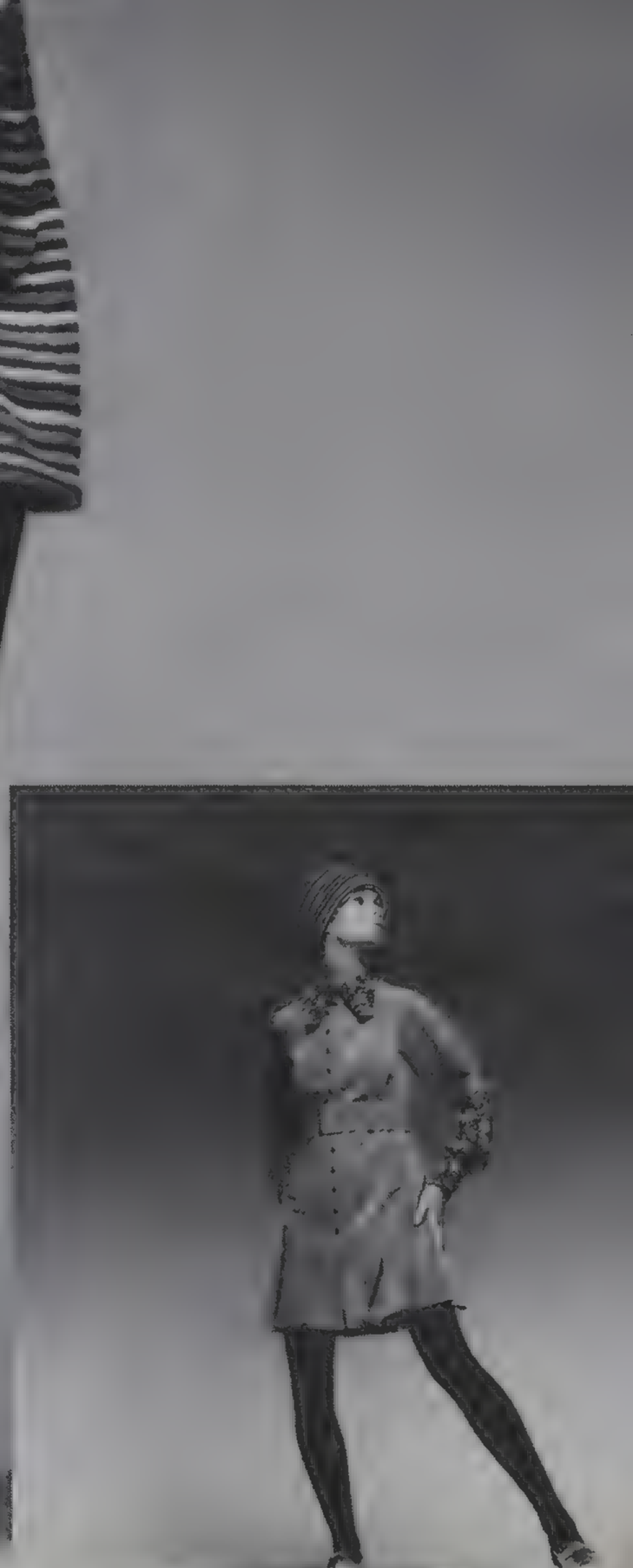
ungaro's triumph of layering– two coats and the crochet maillot





The Ungaro woman, ready for whatever the day brings...in the soft welted brick wool coat, *top*, over the challis blazer suit, *above*, two russety patterns plus a thin, thin brick cashmere turtleneck, brick tights, nifty brick-and-black laced walking shoes....The striped tea-cozy cap and the dash of the big/small cinched-in coat, *near right*, in blue-rust-turquoise-black-and-white wool . . . and, *below right*, the same-colored challis shirt and pumpkin suède pleated dress worn under it.... Taking layers into late day, *far right*, a lean patterned cardigan over a long yellow crêpe shirt and narrow pleated skirt. ...Nothing's bulky, but everything's here —which is the beauty of Ungaro's layers.

Above: Coat, wool voile suit (Helita fabrics), at Bonwit Teller. Near right: Coat, wool challis shirt (Helita fabrics), suède dress, at Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus. Far right: Wool challis suit, crêpe georgette shirt (Helita fabrics), at Bonwit Teller; Holt Renfrew of Canada. To order at I. Magnin. Ungaro Accessories.



THE PARIS LOOK

ungaro's wonderful patterned layers

DAVID BAILEY

THE PARIS LOOK
givenchy's long fur cape ...his black double-faced suit worn by Claudine Auger



The Givenchy woman turned out for a weekend in the snow, *right:* masses of sable-y fox against the cold, layers of taupey-brown angora underneath—ribbed jumpshorts, turtleneck, and tights, plus little suède boots—warm, luxurious, sportive. In the spirit of the house....Givenchy's Givenchy suit in black, *opposite:* the small tight collar, the welt seams and the trim narrow shoulder—the ease and authority of it—in double-faced wool with a stole wrapped around.

Left: Jumpsuit, of angora-like jersey from Véron. To order at Joseph Horne; I. Magnin. Boots, Mancini for Givenchy. Hair, Bruno of Dessanges....Opposite: Nattier wool suit. At Marshall Field. To order at Joseph Horne; I. Magnin....Not in the picture, but in the spirit: Givenchy's perfume classic le De.



DAVID BAILEY



THE PARIS LOOK

givenchy in the givenchy spirit– sportsy, luxe-y, super



Cap-à-pie, these say it all for day: the double-faced cape coat with slits, *far left*, in grey and white...the double-faced sleeveless suit with slits, *left*, in brown and red, scarfed...the gaucho jumpsuit, *right*—dark-brown suède bundled in raccoon. Always the same color going all the way...the ribby cashmere turtleneck and tights belted underneath, the nanny gloves and the beautiful suède boots, or the most perfect little ankle-strap wedge....Always the sense of follow-through and finish that is the essence of couture.

Far left: Coat, Moreau wool, at Joseph Horne. To order at I. Magnin.... Left: Suit, Nattier wool, to order at Joseph Horne; I. Magnin.... Right: Jumpsuit, to order at Joseph Horne; I. Magnin. Givenchy accessories. Mancini boots and shoes, for Givenchy.

DAVID BAILEY



THE PARIS LOOK

dior...
saint laurent
...black ruffles
at night

Dior's enormous ruffled boa, *far left*—black cigaline floated over a long, covered black cigaline dress, straight to the knee and flounced. ...Ruffled and wrapped, *left*—the alluring little black dress at Saint Laurent—thin wool crêpe tied to one side, with organza ruffles to the waist, spilling over the wrist.

Far left: Dress and boa of nylon cigaline (Bucol fabric). At Bonwit Teller. To order: I. Magnin. Dior accessories. Christophe Carita coiffure. ...Left: Dress of wool and organza. Fabric by Guillemin. Saint Laurent accessories. To order: I. Magnin. Carita wig, styled by Christophe.

DAVID BAILEY

THE PARIS LOOK

cardin at night– the body dress, the toga sleeve



Simple, beautiful shapes in near-weightless fabrics, streaming like light over the body....The body dress, *right*—slate-blue sheerest wool voile—slit in front, sleeved to the wrist....*Opposite*, luminous satin crêpe in yellow, one sleeve flowing like a triangular toga, the other sleeve, tight and black.... Cardin's bathing-cap caps for evening—green satin with the blue dress, black sequins with the yellow.

Exhibition of Contemporary American Design at the Museum of Modern Art, New York



THE PARIS LOOK

grès—her taffeta tent, her coquette in lace and organdie

Darkest grey bias-cut taffeta, *left*—yards of it, sloped out to the floor, but so controlled, so narrow through the shoulders and sleeves, there's no feeling of bigness anywhere—a dress only Grès could have made happen this way. At the neck and sleeves, pink sequin flowers....The most poetic dress in the world, *opposite*—worn, at Grès, by her tiniest model. Little black top, all sheer and lacy, barely meeting a side-tied skirt of black taffeta faille.

The tent dress, left, of Bianchini fabric; to order at I. Magnin. The dress, right, of Taroni fabric; to order at I. Magnin. The poetic perfume destined for evening looks like these—Cabochard by Grès. Here and throughout this Paris report, coifs by Christophe Carita.

DAVID BAILEY



WHAT TO SEE, HEAR, KNOW

The new American season in music and dance

NEW FORCES: ***Pierre Boulez,*** conducting the New York Philharmonic, beginning September 21, at Lincoln Center, the most important new force in American music since Gustav Mahler and Arturo Toscanini. A brilliant, controversial composer-conductor with a thorough-going allegiance to the newest composers and their music linked with an extraordinary grasp of the past. His revivals of Berlioz and Debussy have remade musical history. . . . ***Goeran Gentele,*** the new general manager of the Metropolitan Opera starting fall, 1972. With Rudolf Bing's retirement after twenty-two years, a new era of major, serious but revolutionary productions should begin. . . . ***Rolf Liebermann,*** as head of the Paris Opéra and the Opéra-Comique, and the reverberations here of his appointment. The first serious artistic director the Opéra has had since the last century, Liebermann has built an enormous, remarkable repertory for the Hamburg State Opera with an open, cheeky contempt for the star system. . . . In dance, the emergence of New York as the capital of the world with most impressive range of dancers, both classical and modern, on stages anywhere. . . . The John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in Washington, D. C., with its attempt to zoom American music and dance on a national level. . . . The surfacing of pirated record albums—often superior to recording-studio music and also more costly—recorded at onstage performances, particularly of opera. . . . The severe slump in sales of recordings of other classical music. . . . The growing appetite for chamber music as symphony budgets and big-audience manners dwindle. . . . The unembarrassed return of the Romantics: ***Hector Berlioz'*** impossibly gargantuan opera *The Trojans,* from Vergil's *Aeneid,* performed by the Pro Arte Chorale and Orchestra at Carnegie Hall, March 17. . . . **ACROSS THE COUNTRY:** ***ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO: Arthur Mitchell's*** agile choreography for The Dance Theatre of Harlem's equally agile young members—average age, nineteen—January 20-22. . . . ***ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN:*** In this sci-fi laboratory for electronic music in America, the frequent concerts fascinating but still potluck. . . . Mahler's *Das Klagende Lied,* performed by the Minnesota Orchestra, April 9. . . . ***BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA:*** One of the strongest metropolitan symphonies, opening October 7. . . . ***BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS:*** Boston, like London, is hung up on chamber music. This season the Boston Symphony Chamber Players perform at the Sanders Theatre at Harvard University. ***Michael Tilson Thomas,*** who may become the Boston Symphony Orchestra's director, selects and conducts a series of six Spectrum concerts, each program based on a specific theme with a wide historical range. The Boston Symphony Orchestra begins its season September 24 with a program of Beethoven, Hindemith, and Von Einem, conducted by ***William Steinberg. BROOKLYN, NEW YORK:*** The Brooklyn Academy of Music, in its latest incarnation, is one of the most exciting houses for music and dance in the United States. From October 19 to November 21, an Afro-Asian Festival, the first of its kind, here: with dance troupes from Cambodia, Senegal, Morocco, Persia, Sierra Leone. . . . ***CLEVELAND, OHIO:*** The wide-ranging Cleveland Orchestra opens September 23 with ***Karel Ancerl*** conducting works by Dvorak, Brahms, Janacek, Smetana. . . . ***DALLAS, TEXAS:*** Dallas fancies the yearly visits of the Metropolitan Opera but is fiercely loyal to its Symphony Orchestra, which begins its season on December 9. . . . ***DETROIT, MICHIGAN:*** The season in Detroit starts September 23. The brilliant Black conductor ***Dean Dixon,*** heard mainly until now in Australia and Europe, director of the Hessischer Rundfunk Symphony, the German radio station's orchestra, will conduct the Detroit Orchestra, December 16 and 18. . . . ***HOUSTON, TEXAS:*** The Houston Symphony, one of the most important orchestras in the Southwest, opens September 13 with ***Erich Leinsdorf*** conducting a program of Mozart, Strauss, Dvorak, and Weill. The Houston Ballet will tour the Southwest, Southeast, and Midwest with a production of ***Anna Sokolow's*** *Opus 65,* about contemporary youth. . . . ***LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA:*** The Los Angeles Philharmonic under the direction of ***Zubin Mehta,*** perhaps the star of the younger generation of conductors, opens November 4 with a Stravinsky and Mahler program. Major soloists for the season: ***Mstislav Rostropovich,*** Soviet cellist, playing Tchaikovsky, Shostakovich, and Scriabin, December 30-31, and ***André Watts,*** twenty-five-year-old pianist, February 16. . . . ***LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY:*** The Louisville Orchestra opens October 1 in a season that will include ***Pinchas Zukerman*** in the American premiere of Rayki's "Elegiac Varia- (Continued on page 128)

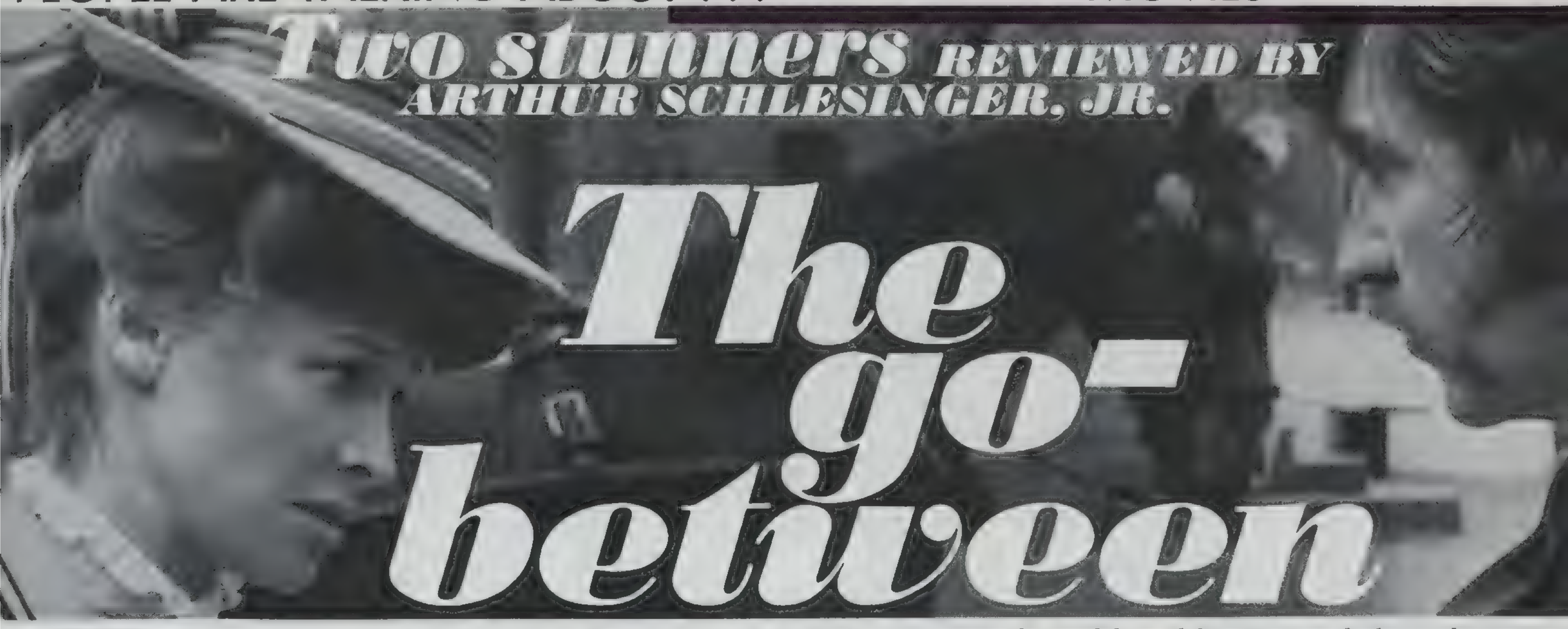
TV TRAVELS WITH SHIRLEY

Lighted by ambition, no tinker but feverish tailor of such offscreen roles as author, philanthropist, explorer, presidential campaigner, and sometime wife and mother, Shirley MacLaine, *right,* was the co-prizewinner of the Best Actress Award at the Berlin Film Festival this year for her lead in *Desperate Characters.* Beginning now, she stars in ABC-TV's series *Shirley's World,* Pauline-ing the perils of a woman journalist shooshing everywhere on earth, daring all. Shirley's own sense of adventure, leading her to settle in a Masai village, to scale Himalayan heights, seems astronautic, spurred by her search for self-conquest and exploitation of her "potential" in every topical controversy. "The question of the overpopulation issue should not be left to old ladies in sneakers . . . or seminars in Ivy League schools," she lectured a political audience. "I think that instead of having had too much democracy, too much freedom, too much permissiveness, we have instead had not enough." A refugee from the middle class—"a monument to the lack of confidence"—she is, of course, the ultimate liberated woman, making others look like genteel suffragettes. "Betty Friedan types are tame, tame," she said, "by comparison with myself."

AVEDON



Two stunners REVIEWED BY ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.



The go-between

The masters of our moviegoing, intoxicated by the success of *Love Story,* have decreed that 1971 should be the year of romance. They are generally wrong on such matters; but, whether they are right or wrong, we are not likely to find a more poignant rendition of a romantic theme this year than *The Go-Between.* Since its publication nearly two decades ago, L. P. Hartley's novel has become something of a minor classic. The film version, written by Harold Pinter and directed by Joseph Losey, transmutes the novel with perfect felicity. The retrospect it offers on a stable world abruptly shattered by passion nicely fits the interplay in our contemporary minds between the horrid present and images of a sunlit past.

An offscreen voice says, "The past is a foreign country: they do things differently there." Two boys on the verge of adolescence, all boisterous shoves and insults, burst into an English country house; obviously, one is bringing his schoolmate home for the summer holiday. They look out the window of their room. Below, on the wide lawn, they see men and women playing croquet, drinking tea, reading aloud. A beautiful girl dozes in a hammock. The dress is Edwardian. Behind the figures on the lawn, green meadows stretch into the hazy distance.

The camera attaches itself to the young visitor. A shy, courteous boy named Leo, he fits quietly into the life of the household. The beautiful girl is his friend's sister, Marian. The weather is sweltering, and Marian takes Leo into the market town of Norfolk to buy him summer clothes. A touch of mystery, of ambiguity, begins to brush the film. The boy finds himself on the edge of conversations he doesn't quite understand, soon in the midst of experiences too complex for him to comprehend. He becomes a bearer of messages, first innocently between Marian and Lord Trimingham, her charming fiancé, badly scarred in the Boer War, then secretly between Marian and Ted Burgess, a swarthily handsome tenant farmer. The opening sequences are gentle and serene; but, as the summer proceeds, events move, with grimly accelerating pace, to the shocking climax.

What distinguishes this film from a piece of trash like *Love Story* is, well, practically everything. *The Go-Between* is an unabashedly romantic tale, but it is informed by an adult sensibility. It is not only that its characters are credible, its dialogue is literate and its action graceful and convincing. Most important of all, where the boy in *Love Story* emerges unscathed from his experience, burdened only with a collection of mawkish memories, the boy in *The Go-Between* not only undergoes an initiation into maturity but is permanently traumatized in the process. In the end, Leo, the go-between, rather than Marian or Ted, is the real victim.

This is wonderfully conveyed in the film. In a series of quick flashes, at first almost subliminal, we see a man wandering through the village. Gradually we become aware that his was the voice at the film's beginning; he is the older Leo, returning to the scene of his psychic mutilation. The terrible end of the summer romance is only the first climax. The final climax comes with the reunion, after long and hopeless years, of Leo and Marian.

Joseph Losey is a gifted but extremely uneven director. His taste is erratic and sometimes vulgar. Many of his films have been spoiled by distracting, sub-Max Ophuls camera work and by pointless mystification (consider, for example, *Boom* and *Secret Ceremony*). He did the best of his English films, *Accident,* with Pinter; and now again a Pinter screenplay has evidently restrained him from his weakness for cheap effects. Perhaps it is that Pinter's capacity to evoke genuine mystery by words relieves Losey of the compulsion to seek spurious mystery by tricks.

Both are splendidly served by their players. Julie Christie has never been better, a delicious romantic heroine suddenly revealing the awful terror of her passion when she breaks into a spiteful tirade against the boy. Dominic Guard, one of those incredible English child actors, captures beautifully the boy's decency and bewilderment; and Sir Michael Redgrave renders the epicene older Leo with unforced pathos. Alan Bates as Ted Burgess, Edward Fox as Trimingham, Margaret Leighton and Michael Gough as Marian's parents —all are exactly right. *The Go-Between* is one of those happy collections of talent converging to make an exceptionally charming film. Like the novel, it is a gem of its sort. ▼

The DEVILS

"There is to be a film of the *Devils of Loudun,*" Aldous Huxley wrote a friend in 1962. "What on earth will they make out of it? I feel a great deal of curiosity—and some apprehension!" If Huxley had foreseen Ken Russell, who wrote and directed the film *The Devils* drawn from Huxley's psychohistorical study and John Whiting's play, both curiosity and apprehension would certainly have escalated.

Huxley had long been fascinated by the story of Urbain Grandier and the demoniac possession of the Ursuline nuns of Loudun—a story that, he thought, exhibited "the entire gamut of the religious life from the bestial to the sublime." Grandier, vicar of Loudun in 1634, was a handsome, swashbuckling priest, whose lively sexual career had roused the envy of his fellow townsmen and whose defense of the fortification of Loudun had collided with Cardinal Richelieu's determination to strengthen the national state by razing every local fortress in France.

Seeing their opportunity to bring Grandier down, his enemies, moral and political, persuaded the nuns, after appropriate encouragement through torture, to testify that Grandier had caused the devils to invade them and was a sorcerer in alliance with Satan. Brought to trial, Grandier defied the court, was himself tortured, and finally went to the stake. At first this son of courage and fortune could not believe what was happening to him. When he realized he was truly done for, he began for the

first time to experience the God he had previously only talked about; and his pride was transformed, in Huxley's phrase, into "heroic acceptance" of his fate.

The historical documents make this a sufficiently wild and excruciating story. Now it has fallen into the hands of the great Gongorist of the contemporary film, the Cecil B. De Mille of the Freudian age. To the hysteria of the facts, Ken Russell, fresh from his triumph over Tchaikovsky in *The Music Lovers*, adds his own gaudy hysteria of technique. The result is a clear case of overkill.

Let us not deny Ken Russell his qualities. He has quite brilliant visual imagination. Scene after scene in *The Devils* is dazzling in composition and palette. One admires particularly his play of black and white against a frame of color. He marshals crowds and stages orgies with the assurance and brio of De Mille. His images rush across the screen in an iridescent phantasmagoria of motion and sound, and the din almost clubs the audience into submission.

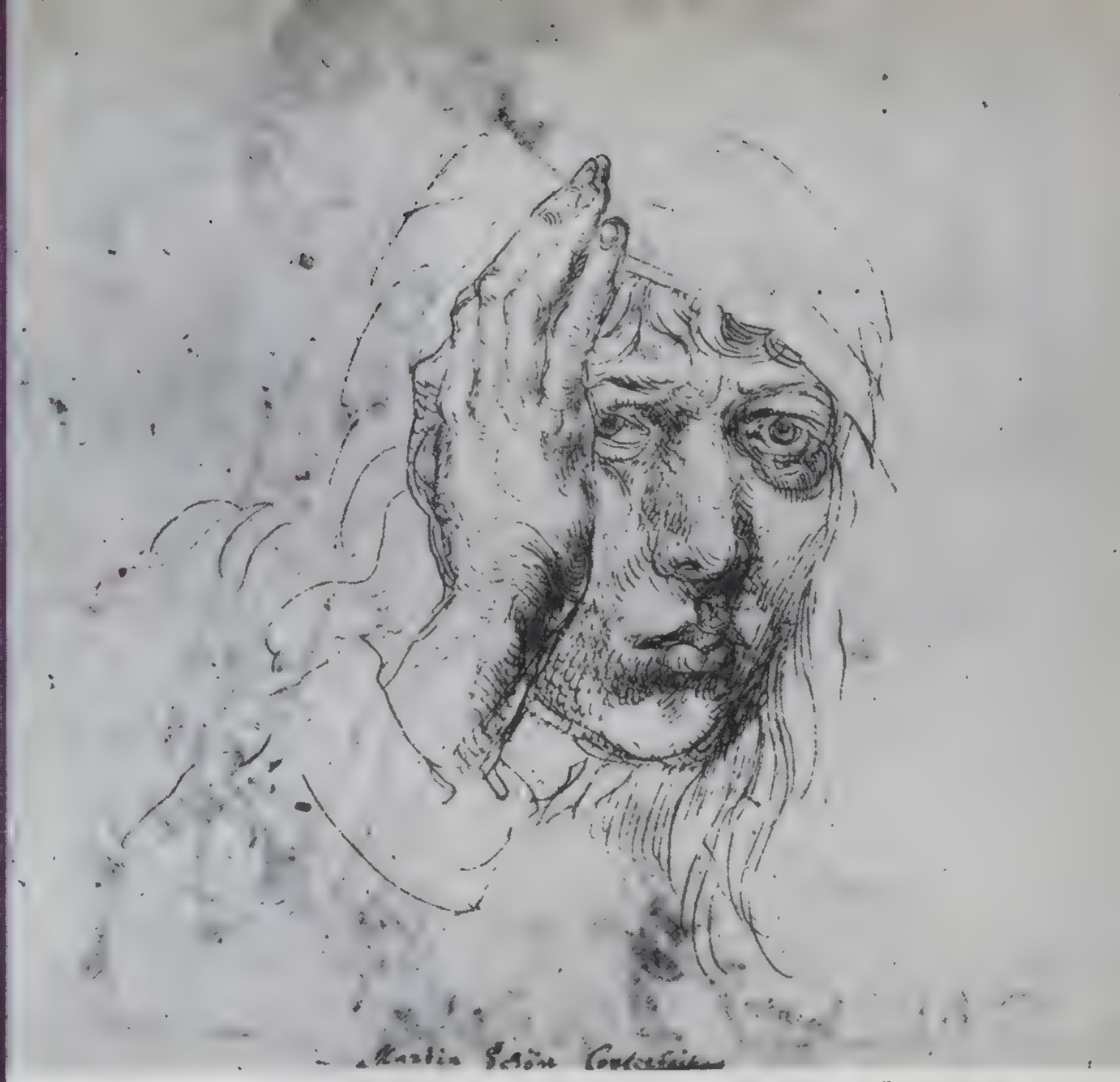
But it is all too much. Ken Russell is a victim of what Mario Praz used to call the romantic agony. The film opens with a hint of necrophilia, as the camera lingers on the bodies of men and women who have died from the plague and lie in heaps outside the town wall. The enthusiasm for the clinical detail of torture soon turns into sadomasochism. The orgiastic relish, with nude nuns heaving and sobbing before leering spectators, is unashamed voyeurism. The effect after a time ceases to be shattering and becomes merely perverse.

As for the actors, they are lost in the stupefying intensity of Russell's conception. Oliver Reed is stalwart enough as Grandier, but lacks the subtlety and nuance to illuminate the part. That exquisite actress Vanessa Redgrave is curiously cast as the Ursuline prioress whom Huxley described as "diminutive almost to dwarfishness and slightly deformed." Miss Redgrave bobs, weaves, moans, and screams in what must unquestionably be the worst performance of her splendid career. Except for Dudley Sutton, who is permitted a measure of straightforwardness as Grandier's prosecutor, the supporting actors are directed as in a ballet of grotesques.

The point of the film is hysteria, but an hysterical style may not be the best means by which to make that point. Still, Ken Russell's art may well provide the violent fantasies appropriate to a time of desperation and derangement, comforting the audience with a sense that medieval horror is past while at the same time catering to our darkest contemporary impulses. ▼



OPPOSITE PAGE: JULIE CHRISTIE AND ALAN BATES, LOVE-STUCK IN "THE GO-BETWEEN." THIS PAGE: VANESSA REDGRAVE, BEAUTIFUL MONSTER IN "THE DEVILS."



COURTESY OF GRAPHIC COLLECTION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ERLANGEN-NÜRNBERG LIBRARY

dürer 1471-1971 uneasy modern

BY DALE McCONATHY

Albrecht Dürer, 1471-1528, is one of the most inexhaustibly fascinating pivot-figures of Western art—one foot in the Middle Ages and the other dangling free in the future. Now, five hundred years after his birth, in a series of exhibitions—including fifteen in the United States and a massive, brilliantly innovative showing just ended in his birthplace, Nuremberg, Germany, where for eleven Dürer exhibitions the city itself was turned into a museum—Dürer takes his place with Leonardo da Vinci as one of the most prophetic and complex of European artists.

Albrecht Dürer brought the Renaissance to Germany. With his contemporaries Martin Luther and Johann Gutenberg, he ended the German Middle Ages. And yet, his work—the most extensive and rich record of any artist's life from any period, certainly the most personal—is a monument to the age he helped bring to a close. His religiosity is deeply Humanist, his blizzard of woodcuts, engravings, illustrations, designs for stained-glass windows, and paintings spread the Word.

But there lurks everywhere in Dürer's work a lingering and terrible superstition, an apocalyptic horror that can galvanize one of his charming vignettes with a sudden chilling glimpse of the monstrous.

And there are, of course, the Dürer self-portraits—more self-portraits than we possess by any other artist—intense, mysterious for a man and an artist who led such a public life. Certainly the most significant of these self-portraits is the last: Dürer fullface in a pose that had hitherto been reserved only for paintings of Christ. But, the smaller, swiftly drawn studies are more revealing: the bandaged head shown here and a tiny, almost primitive drawing, in a pose much like Christ displaying the stigmata, labeled *Dürer krank* (Dürer sick).

Dürer sick, with the world weariness that swept Europe at the end of the Middle Ages. In his famous engraving "Melancholia," the world is heavy—littered with the apparatus of mythology, Euclidean geometry, and art. The theme is a major one not just for Renaissance artists but for the centuries that followed. *Hamlet*, *Faust*, and Robert Burton's *The Anatomy of Melancholy* are in Dürer's melancholic train.

The Middle Ages' obsession with the *speculum mundi*, mirror of the world, was fed by the mechanical inventions of the Renaissance. With the explosion of printing, Dürer was able to make of engraving an extraordinary anticipation of the camera, turning out thousands of drawings so faithful to nature that they were later used by botanists, zoologists, and cartographers. Yet, he would as (Continued on page 129)

European art finds on view this year

BY ROSAMOND BERNIER

This year when Max Ernst became eighty years old, many friends joined many cities to mark their admiration and affection for the splendid blue-eyed hawk of Surrealism whom Cyril Connolly called "the last of the Olympians." On Ernst's birthday the Paris Orangerie museum opened an exhibition of his work mostly culled from the John and Dominique de Menil collection of New York and Houston, with the addition of some major canvases such as the menacingly exuberant "La Joie de Vivre" belonging to Sir Roland Penrose and "Last Forest" (1960-69) taken from the walls of the artist's house at Seillans in the South of France. This exhibition had toured German museums and, after adding crowds of young people to the usually conservative Orangerie public for two months, is circulating in France until the end of the year: Marseilles, Grenoble, Strasbourg, and Nantes.

Widespread recognition of Ernst's stature came far later to this German-born, now-French citizen than to any other twentieth-century master. The desire to compensate for this neglect—a situation to which the artist himself refers with unfailingly sardonic amusement—undoubtedly added warmth to the celebration. Ernst's native city of Cologne welcomed back its prodigal son, after forty years, with a week of *hommages* and entertainments, culminating at Brühl with a banquet given in the baroque Augustusburg Castle, designed by Balthasar Neumann who built the great staircase with Tiepolo frescoes at Würzburg.

Before the dinner in the primrose-and-white reception hall set with *trompe-l'oeil* colored marble panels, there was a short concert. The composer Karlheinz Stockhausen, a slim romantic figure, blond hair clasped in a barrette, appeared on the landing below guests seated at the top of the wide staircase and announced a piece to be performed for "lieber Max." Then two men manipulated switches and dials to fill the air with electronic *Nachtmusik*.

In German museums now the acquisitions of American Pop Art are striking. Cologne's Wallraf-Richartz-Museum has the large group of paintings, sculpture, and objects owned by the chocolate magnate Ludwig, on extended loan. These include all the familiar Pop names, Jasper Johns, and some purchases made at the November Parke-Bernet sale when this generation's works were first offered at public auction. Düsseldorf's Nordrhein-Westfalen Kunstsammlung recently added a large Roy Lichtenstein work, not without acrimony from the city fathers. Ham- (Continued on page 127)

EDITH WHARTON

GRANDEUR AND STRENGTH OUT OF THE ORDINARY



BY ELIZABETH HARDWICK

I wish I could see the need for Louis Auchincloss's "pictorial biography" *Edith Wharton: A Woman in Her Time* (The Viking Press). No doubt the assemblage of the "pictorials" is valuable, but the glossy text is retrograde. Since it is not concerned to be anything new or fresh or really additional, it has the effect of pushing Edith Wharton backward from such interesting work as Millicent Bell's *Edith Wharton and Henry James*.

Percy Lubbock's *Portrait of Edith Wharton*, while mannered and rather breathily written, seems to me the best one can hope for from the *inside*, from the place of friendship, discretion, balance. Auchincloss's inside is a proprietary one: what he calls again and again "old New York." The line runs from Henry James to Edith Wharton to himself. For some reason he insists on the pretense that being rich and wellborn and using old New York as her subject matter are thought discreditable to Edith Wharton. His conclusion is: "If anyone says that what she did was not worth doing, I can only answer that the society of which she wrote was an integral part of the American dream—the American myth—the American illusion." But who has ever questioned her right to this material, for her time, for herself? The defense is a gratuity.

The book suffers, also, from a mood too familiar; its accents become testimonial, like those reserved for memoirs about the head of the family. The criticism of Edith Wharton's large works—*The Age of Innocence*, *The House of Mirth*, and *The Custom of the Country*—is fairly routine. I myself was put off by the dismissal at the beginning of the beautiful and moving Zolaesque story "The Bunner Sisters." Indeed this story and

certain parts of *Ethan Frome* (not all) haunt the imagination with possibility. Brilliant as the large novels are, the frame, the way of seeing, and the moral contrasts often derive from the inner vision of Henry James. One can at least imagine a profitable incorporation of some of the coarser and more lowly sufferings of the humble into the failures of "old New York society."

Edith Wharton's life with her unhappy and unsteady husband, "Teddy," is a story of great sadness. The only power the weak husband had was to vex and burden the majorful wife. That he did; she suffered and finally pulled out. Then comes a mystery: her enduring passion for the snobbish, disagreeable Walter Berry. This long, intense relationship has never been made clear in its outlines. Auchincloss does not think they had an affair. If that were true, it would mean Edith Wharton spent a whole lifetime without love. Did the unavailing Walter Berry increase the unattractive coldness in her; or did the coldness simply reach out to him and, for that matter, to the rest of her fascinating, but sexless, circle?

Her gardens and houses, her motor trips, her sight-seeing, her growing removal from anything ordinary, uncouth, or wild—these exaggerations are always balanced, with the friendly critics, by her loyalty to friends, her justice to old servants. Auchincloss makes much of the concern for the passing of the old ways, the decline of standards of decency that came about with new wealth in New York. But it is the disaster and pain of her own life, not the sweep of the country's fate, that she most deeply drew from.

The most interesting thing about Edith Wharton is her energy, her life of toil, the incredible completion of one book and then another book. There is grandeur and strength out of the ordinary in this. Of course, her large gifts were always there, but she added to them a really passionate productivity, a hard discipline, and a conquering drive. Control, organize, produce—everything. Books, friends, houses, excursions. This energy, combined with a compulsive need for order, is a way of keeping limits, being safe and surrounded. It tells us of her fears, whatever they were. And these fears had their part to play in the production of her great talent and in her queer, haughty life. ▼

FAT FUNNY MARSHALL EFRON
TV'S TINY TERROR

BY MARVIN BARRETT

Marshall Efron is a fat comedian, in silhouette faintly reminiscent of Oliver Hardy. Illuminated and facing front, he is something else again. Hardy was jelly, Efron is gutta-percha. Although no one to my knowledge has ever cast suspicion on the relationship between Laurel and Hardy, there was something distinctly epicene about Oliver.

Despite his Paulette Goddard bob, Efron has none of that. He is uncompromisingly down to earth, no matter how fantastic his material, and his material on PBS's *The Great American Dream Machine*, where he appeared briefly and memorably most weeks last season, was pretty fantastic.

Value is Efron's hang-up, or if you prefer, and perhaps it is more appropriate considering his subject matter—his bag. On one program last season he was equipped with a table, a large mixing bowl, and an assortment of ingredients. Nothing particularly new. One had seen the routine before in vaudeville and burlesque—the comedian dressed as chef adding one outlandish item after another to his troglodyte's stew, only to lift and empty it, at the psychological moment, over his own, or someone else's head. Splonk. Splonk has always seemed the inevitable conclusion to such a routine. Not for Marshall.

And his ingredients, announced with irreverent asides, were just as outrageous as any second banana's. I remember them this way: "Whey solids (here come the thickeners). Food starch—modified. Dextrose (sweets to the sweet). Sodium Caseinate. Gelatin (give it some moosh). Monosodium and Diglycerides (hold it together)."

"Monosodium phosphate (this one is used in laxatives and detergents) . . . guar gum (from the Texas grasslands). Lecithin, sodium bicarbonate (be careful with this stuff), ammonium bicarbonate. . . ."

Chef Boy-Ar-Dee (Efron looks a bit like him in his muffin hat) babbles on, dousing, dripping, pouring. But in the end there is no cathartic splonk. Instead, in the best Julia Child-Graham Kerr manner, Marshall holds out the result to be admired—and—horrors!—eaten. "A modern lemon cream pie," he says, "no lemons, no eggs, no cream—just pie." Wham. If you haven't just finished eating one for dinner, you very well might have.

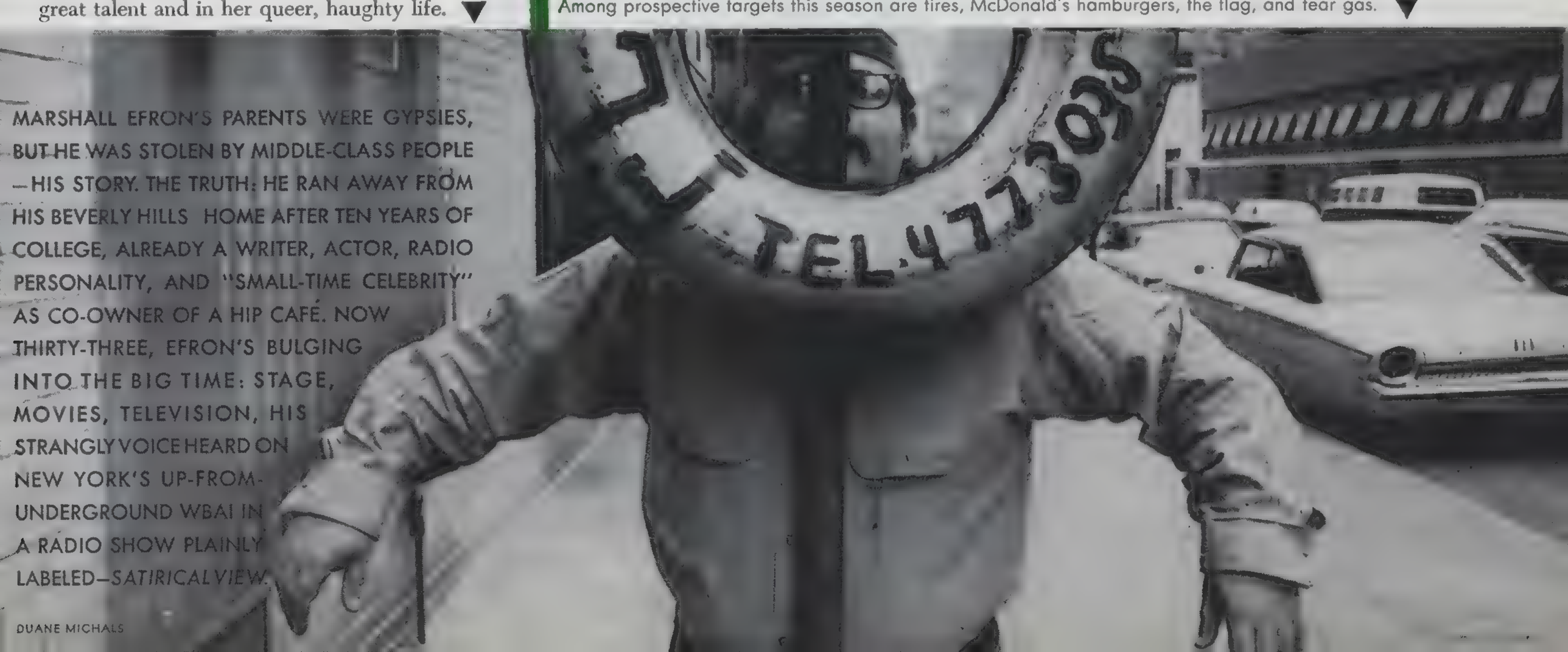
Depending on whether you are a know-it-all, a dimwit, or the owner of the bakery that makes and markets the frozen lemon cream pies in question (Efron always names names), you are amused, amazed, furious.

The terrible and hilarious thing about Efron is that he specializes in truth. Truth of an order small enough to escape others' notice, but, like termites, nonetheless devastating.

Here is Efron making his boomerang pitch for a "Creative Playfood." The style of delivery is grimly breezy, something like this: "Here's an old favorite of kids everywhere; fumaric acid, sugar, propylene glycol, artificial flavoring, calcium carbonate, and every school boy knows the rest. Kool Aid . . . no fuss, no muss, and no fresh fruit leftovers to clean up and throw away. This little packet delivers two quarts of non-nourishing imitation-flavored soft drink. All you do is rip open the packet, toss the contents into a nonmetal pitcher, add more sugar, cold water . . . stir, and serve. A nonmetal pitcher. I wonder what it would do to a metal pitcher. Five for twenty-nine cents."

Only Efron would take the trouble to figure out that since one-eighth of an ounce of McCormick brand chives costs eighty-one cents on your grocer's shelf, a full pound would come roughly to $103.68, "hence the expression, worth his weight in chives."

And now, although even on PBS the survival rate of the irreverent is low, Efron is returning to the *Dream Machine*. Among prospective targets this season are tires, McDonald's hamburgers, the flag, and tear gas. ▼



MARSHALL EFRON'S PARENTS WERE GYPSIES, BUT HE WAS STOLEN BY MIDDLE-CLASS PEOPLE —HIS STORY. THE TRUTH: HE RAN AWAY FROM HIS BEVERLY HILLS HOME AFTER TEN YEARS OF COLLEGE, ALREADY A WRITER, ACTOR, RADIO PERSONALITY, AND "SMALL-TIME CELEBRITY" AS CO-OWNER OF A HIP CAFÉ. NOW THIRTY-THREE, EFRON'S BULGING INTO THE BIG TIME: STAGE, MOVIES, TELEVISION, HIS STRANGLY VOICE HEARD ON NEW YORK'S UP-FROM-UNDERGROUND WBAI IN A RADIO SHOW PLAINLY LABELED—*SATIRICAL VIEW.*

DUANE MICHALS



black tweed,
white piqué

ON THE AMERICAN PLAN

THE LITTLE BLACK SUIT

Small, easy, everyday-simple black suits...with clean white cuffs and collars...clean white kid gloves. Fresh, attractive, appealing—the way we'd like to see everyone everywhere dress for dinner....In black tweed, *left*, a perfect example of the perfect little black suit for day, for dinner—sleeveless dress with low pleats under a cardigan jacket with crisp white piqué at the neck and wrists....The short-jacket suit, *center*—black wool with a tucked-and-pleated white satin shirt and the neatest table manner anywhere.... Shining black, *right*—the velvet suit cut and polished like broadtail: short-sleeved dress and a jewel-buttoned cardigan edged in black braid and white satin.

Left: Suit by Seymour Fox, of wool by Linton Tweed. About $435. Saks Fifth Avenue. Coif: Maurice Tidy of Vidal Sassoon. *Center:* Woolmark suit by Cardinali. Of Agnona wool. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Claire Pearone; Bullock's Wilshire. Coif: Maury Hopson.... *Right:* Mollie Parnis suit, of Veron rayon velvet. About $495. Saks Fifth Avenue; Gidding-Jenny. Coif: Maurice Tidy of Vidal Sassoon. Accessories, both pages, next to last page.


black wool,
white satin
black velvet,
white satin



NIFTY LITTLE DRESSES
WITH UNDERCOAT PLANS

knit—necktied and swingy

Finding yourself a dress to slide easily under coats is a breeze. But a really nifty dress, one with something to say for itself —and for you—when the wraps are off: that's the idea. . . . Ergo, the nifty Burgundy knit, *above*—pared, spare, swingy, sweater-fitting, necktied like a shirt—a more undercoat-worthy dress is hard to imagine (especially worthy of a grey wrap coat—or camel—or fur). . . . And the soft aubergine matte jersey, *right*, with its little upholstered buttons, wrapped waist, and fullish skirt—good under so many coats, so many hours—so pretty on its own.

Above: By Jayna Modes, of wool knit; about $165. Elizabeth Arden, New York; Jacobson's, Michigan; Bramson; Bullock's Wilshire. . . . Right: By Eleanor Brenner for Brenner Couture, of rayon matte jersey (Jasco Fabrics); about $95. At Bloomingdale's; Garfinckel's, Washington, D. C.; Jordan Marsh, Florida; O'Neil's; Joseph Magnin. Coiffures, by Everett of Kenneth. For accessories on both pages, see next to last page.

jersey—buttoned
high, wrapped small

sweater-and-skirt suit

The easiest suit, left: the one-piece dress with a creamy shirt-and-tie top and a cream-and-honey cardigan in one of those knitty-looking knits that feel like sweaters in the hand, in the wearing—and go as easily under a coat....*Right,* the way we love to see a shirtdress now: with a lean tank-top sweater belted over—contrasty knits; contrasty patterns; same pretty orange-y, green-y, yellow-y, beige-y colorings.

Left: Vogue Pattern 8143. Dress and cardigan in Wear Dated Acrilan by Scottex. Fabrics, at Bloomingdale's. ...Coiffure by Everett of Kenneth. *Right:* Vogue Patterns 2376 and 8030. Button-front shirtdress and tank top, both in Wear Dated Acrilan by Scottex. Fabric at Bloomingdale's....Coif, Maurice Tidy of Vidal Sassoon. Accessories, both pages, next to last page. Pattern details, page 20.

PENATI

VOGUE PATTERN 8143

PATTERNED KNITS
ON THE VOGUE PATTERNS PLAN



layered shirtdress

VOGUE PATTERN 2376

VOGUE PATTERN 8030

UNDER COATS,
PLAN ON

SOFT PATTERNED DRESSES



foulard
shirtdress

If the shirtdress is your kind of dress, *left*, put this black-and-Burgundy foulard print into your life today...put it under a coat...put it under a sleeveless sweater-vest...try a ribby turtleneck dickey underneath...you get a lot of dress in a dress like this....The light of your coat life, *right*—breezy little knit jumperdress in black, white, blue Paisley with a black shirt-top, shirt-cuffed sleeves—and bright red to the toes.

Left: Shirtdress by Pat Sandler, of Orlon (Ameritex fabric). About $95. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's; Swanson's; Sakowitz. Coif: Maurice Tidy of Vidal Sassoon.... *Right:* Dress from Oscar de la Renta Boutique, of Qiana nylon. (Couleur International fabric). About $110. Late September at Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Maison Blanche; Swanson's; Sakowitz; The Denver. Coiffure by Maury Hopson. Accessories, on both pages, next to last page of this issue.

PENATI

paisley jumperdress





INTERNATIONAL BEAUTY GOSSIP

NEWS ABOUT SKIN, HAIR, MAKEUP, SAND BATHS... FROM PARIS, LONDON, ROME, THE U.S., THE NOW LESS-INSCRUTABLE EAST

From Paris, London, Rome, all over, the word comes—not on the grapevine, but loud and clear: ***Hair is straighter, simpler, sleeker, clear of the shoulders.*** Shaggy heads have retreated to the woods. ***If hair is long, it's controlled in some way—rolled, bunned, or snooded, swept up or back by a comb or ribbon or (at night) a jewelled clip.*** And it's styled to look great with hats . . . yes, hats. More about this on the following two pages. . . . Polished, pulled-back hair leaves the face in full view, a clear case for redoubled cleaning and moisturizing, creaming and clarifying of skin. ***And a clear field for makeup***—never more exciting, individual, exuberant than right now. Richer, brighter colors . . . more colors used together . . . ***marvelous build-ups and modulations of color and shading,*** done with bases, glosses, highlights, even crayons . . . every woman her own Renoir. As one beauty expert remarked, ***"Makeup now means never having to say you're sorry." The peppier, jazzier, kieksier the better. . . .*** In Paris, the makeup of one Cardin model, Marise, was a sensation. Under each eye was a line of Carita's pistache-green; above the eyes, in ascending order, a line of Leichner's red lip pencil, a streak of Mary Quant's yellow, and—on the outer slope between brow and lid—a glow of Carita's red blusher. Lashes were thick, black. Her cheeks were rouged with Carita's red lipstick, bang in the center of each cheek. . . . ***In London, cheeks are pinker, as rosy and healthy-looking as a milkmaid's.*** Mouths a brighter red, shiny with glosser—Elizabeth Arden's new Gloss Over is a favorite. Nails redder. With all this, eyes are played down—just a bit of eye-gloss and mascara. Some English lovelies depend almost entirely on two standbys, Mary Quant's red crayon and Arden's Eight Hour Cream—the crayon used on lips, blended on cheeks and around eyes; the cream used to gloss eyelids and mouth. . . . ***A green-eyed frenzy has gripped the young beauties in Rome***—they're mad for green eye shadow, above or below the eyes and sometimes all around them. At Galitzine's show, the models had emerald shadow greening the whole over-eye area, except for a touch of grey near the eyebrow, blue mascara on the lashes. . . . The makeup for Valentino's collection was done by Gil of Max Factor, who used creamy-beige foundation, shadows in soft browns and greys, jet-grey mascara. Mouths were contoured with white lip-pencil, then filled in with clear cherry-red, deep red, or wine-color. Also at Valentino's showing—an attractive member of the audience who had ***painted a red heart on her face to match her red dotted dress. . . .*** Some of the verviest makeups are being done at least partly with what look like a child's colored crayons—and often are just that. ***Jean Shrimpton uses children's crayons from Caran d'Ache for color accents around her eyes***—the plum color's her favorite. Mary Quant's grownup crayon box is the secret arsenal of many beauties. Others—including Marisa Berenson—swear by Leichner, the famous old German stage-makeup house that stocks not only boxes of slender, brightly-wrapped crayons but little pots of paint in a vast range of colors; ***everyone loves the hot yellows, greens, pinks, for eyes. . . .*** In Paris, many of the great makeup artists like to start with a pale foundation, often dusted over with pale powder to lighten it still more. One reason is that pale skin, like white canvas, offers more scope for the makeup man's art. But there's another: less tanning—the skin is apt to be paler to start with. There's an increasing distrust of the once-blindly-worshipped sun among beauties everywhere, particularly those who have naturally fair skins; a growing realization that ***too much exposure to the sun's ultraviolet rays is ageing and damaging*** to skin in the long run. A recent article in *The New York Times* documented this with masses of scientific evidence, and Vogue has been saying it for years. Even in Italy, where skins tend to be darker—creamier, anyway—the young beauties are being more vigilant about protecting eye and neck areas; many of the swimmers and boaters on the Costa Smeralda, in Sardinia, wear ***little cotton foulard handkerchiefs around their necks—often, two to a neck—even with monokinis.*** After each swim they rinse the salt water from face, neck, and hair, before re-applying sun oil. Some keep cream on their hair all day long, and only wash it off when they're showering and changing for dinner. . . . ***From Australia comes the word of a new skin conscience.*** Even beach-and-surf-oriented Australian lovelies are developing a new wariness about the sun. There's a "rash of deliciously pretty hats; and women, unlike mad dogs and Englishmen, are leaving the midday sun for shady beach-side terraces." . . . (Continued)

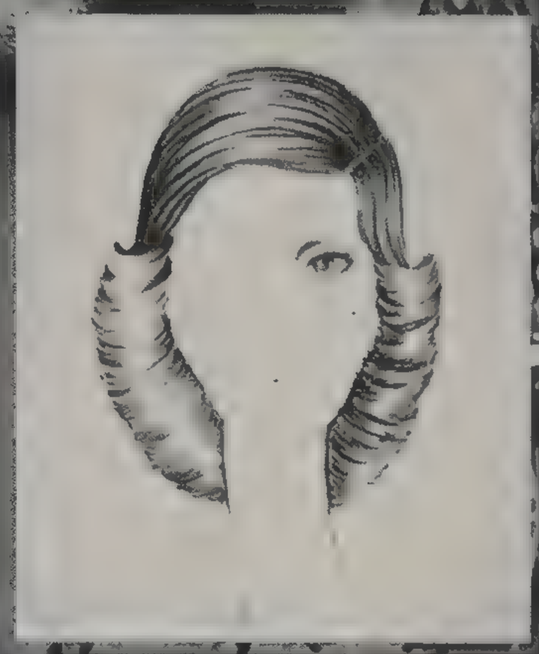
NEW GLOW FROM GIVENCHY

Givenchy's delicious pale-but-glowing makeup, opposite, ivory flushed with pink, warmed with russet—framed here by his great brown suède hat, miles of fox stole. . . . First, a shimmer of Pale powder—brushed, not puffed, over Glowbeige foundation; brightened with Glow cream blusher on cheeks, forehead, and under brows; shined with a gloss of Glow transparent gel. Mushroom and Brown Pastel shadow blended together on eyelids. On the mouth, a gleam of Noisette lipstick, russet-ripe as its hazelnut namesake. . . . Speaking of names: this new makeup collection cooked up by master chef Givenchy is called, invitingly, Haute Cuisine. . . . Hat at I. Magnin. To order at Joseph Horne.

DAVID BAILEY

DANCING
IT UP

Hair smooth, side-rolled, caught with a comb—by Alexandre



Above, hair side-swept, rolled, by Carita. Right, with one of his "dégradé" wigs: Jean Marc Maniatis

Two-tone coloring





Carita's back-rolled chignon with a tiny drake's-tail



TWO-TIERED
CUTTING

Mario Valentino's great suède clogs





BI
GOSSIP

Dancing it up, here—Bobby Van and Helen Gallagher of "No, No, Nanette!" in their great number, "You Can Dance With Any Girl"—a wild medley of tap and ballroom steps, high kicks and high spirits, that stops the show every night. They're here partly because they're the darlings of New York, partly to illustrate the new enthusiasm that's whirling thousands of people into the mazes of the dance—***every kind, from tango to tap.*** Do all these people want to see their name up in lights, like Bobby and Helen? No, no! "It's a great release from tension—and it's terrific exercise," says one newly-enrolled member of a New York tap-dancing class. "For two hours you can't think of anything else. . . . It's a question of tap-tapping your troubles away, literally." . . . "Definitely a form of escapism," says another enthusiast; "exhausting, but exhilarating. ***Great for co-ordination, stamina and breathing control."*** Two of the tip-top tap classes in New York are Jerry Ames's class at the Broadway Rehearsal Studios, 1674 Broadway; and Mary Jane Brown's class at the International Dance Studio in Carnegie Hall, 56th Street and Seventh Avenue. . . . In London, the Dance Centre, at 12 Floral Street in Covent Garden, is ***one of the main dancing-schools in England,*** prepared to teach everything from classical ballet to American disco dances. Its tap-dancing classes—started rather casually about four years ago by Gillian Gregory, one of the regular teachers—are now mobbed. Who goes to them? Everyone from Shakespearean actors, trying to lose movement inhibitions and improve their balance, to ***Twiggy, training for her part in the movie of "The Boy Friend."*** Twiggy was "fantastic to work with," according to Gillian—"intelligent, determined, quick to learn." When the class got too big for Gillian to handle alone, she'd split the room in two and put Twiggy in charge of the other half. . . . ***Two-tone coloring—new fascination by Daniel,*** the great colorist at Leonard's in London. The front section of hair, two inches from the base of the hairline, very pale blond, giving a sort of halo effect—the rest, streaked in different shades of blond. Haircut by Oliver of Leonard's; hair grips, diamanté half-moons, by Mick Milligan. . . . ***Two-tiered cutting—as done by Leslie*** at Smile's, another with-it London salon. Here the effect is enchantingly Joan of Arc, but Leslie shapes it a bit differently for every face—and he'll cut it in three tiers, if you like. . . . ***Hair smooth, side-rolled, caught with a comb, by Alexandre***—who's bringing the comb back into fashion. This one is called a *laquette,* or giant hair-slide; Alexandre also uses bevelled, wavy Persian combs, in bronze or bright colors like saffron, tangerine. . . . ***Hair side-swept, rolled, by Carita;*** smooth, sleek, serene—everything under control, nothing shaggy or *farouche.* Sketch by Christophe. . . . ***Jean Marc Maniatis, new Paris coiffeur*** who's a whiz at haircoloring. The young are flocking to his stainless-steel-and-Formica salon, in the 16th Arrondissement, for red hair—which every Frenchwoman over fifteen now craves. Jean Marc uses L'Oréal red haircolor in tubes, mixed with bleach and toner, to give the real-henna look that's in fashion—and he'll use real-real-henna, if the girl is sure she wants to stick with it for the duration. One of his techniques is to *dégrader* tones of color—darkest at the roots, graduating to palest around the face. Smashing with blond—it's shown here on a blond wig—and sensational with red. . . . ***Carita's back-rolled chignon,*** magnificently simple, controlled—nothing to break the line but the impudent little flick of drake's-tail. Sketch by Christophe. . . . ***Mario Valentino's great suède clogs,*** now clogging all over Italy in a bevy of *bellissima* colors. Wearing them's said to resemble walking on clouds. . . . ***In London, the new fondness for aromatherapy.*** This is a specialized body and face massage, using pure aromatics and essential oils that smell utterly delicious—among them, lemongrass, patchouli, lavender, rose. (Continued)

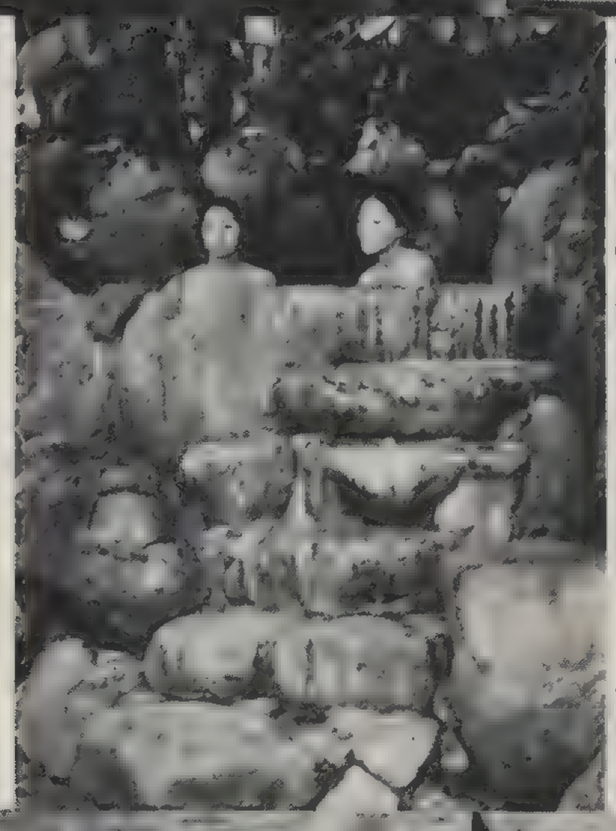
The silky, milk-fed skin

The most ravishing makeup doesn't conceal . . . it enhances smooth, silky, beautifully cared-for skin. Basis for all the softness and glow of the skin here is undoubtedly its fresh-air-and-sunshine diet of Pure Milk Treatment, by Estée Lauder—about which, more in Ready Beauty, page 20. As for the enhancing—and enchanting—makeup: on the eyelids, Persian Sea Pressed Shadow; on the cheeks, Morning Glow Tender Cheek Tint; on the mouth, Re-Nutriv Rich Rich Lipstick, in Tawny Violet. All, by Estée Lauder. . . . Halston's long dark-green rayon jersey "tear-drop" dress; made-to-order at Halston Limited.

BEAUTY
FROM ALL OVER

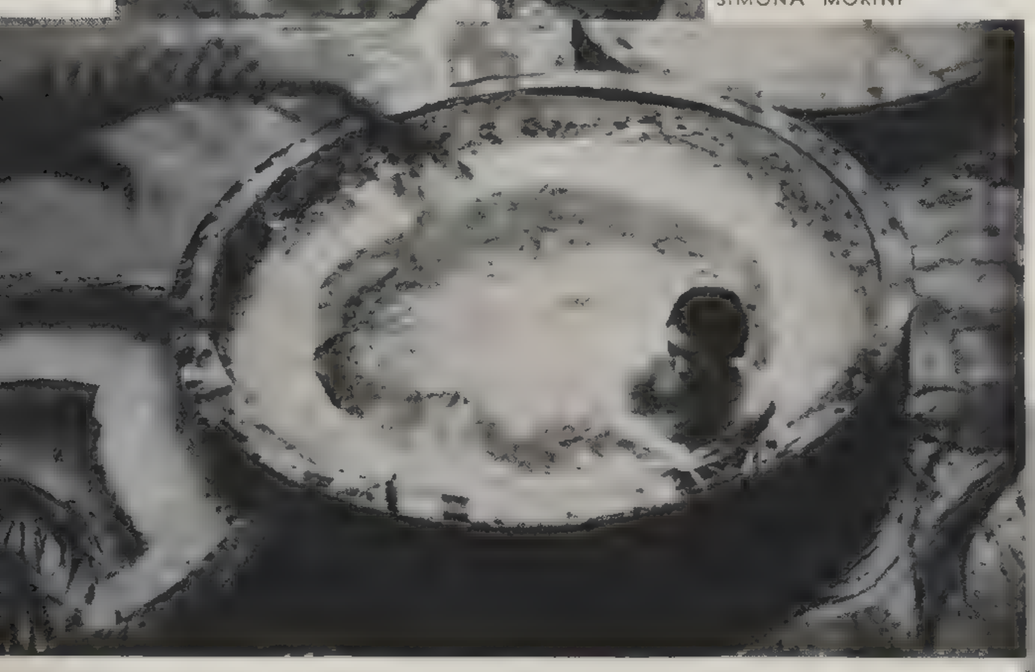
PENN





Japanese bath ritual—elaborate, but fun. Above, rinse-off before entering the bath, at Unzen. Left and below, two of the 59 different baths at Ibusuki; left, the "jungle bath"; below, a secluded round pool, deep and very hot.

SIMONA MORINI



The massage relaxes nerve centers, relieves tension; the oils help to keep skin supple and young; and the fragrance has a marvelously calming, therapeutic effect on the psyche. Micheline Arcier, at 4 Albert Gate Court, 124, Knightsbridge, has been ***practising aromatherapy for 25 years***—since most of her clients were in the nursery (their average age is around 30). Her treatment varies with each individual, but she generally starts by warming the back with infra-red, then works on the neck, shoulders, and spine, relaxing, stimulating, un-tensing. The face is massaged with special oils, followed by a hot linseed pack to help them penetrate. . . . ***Japanese bath ritual is elaborate but fun,*** and a newly-returned traveler—her skin aglow from frequent immersions—has just given us some lovely, steamy sidelights. Men and women generally bathe separately, but the etiquette is unflinching for all. To begin with, don't proceed directly into the bath; rinse off thoroughly first. Then, don't take your soap and washcloth into the bath, ever. After soaking for a while, the correct thing is to emerge, soap and rinse off, then re-enter the tub for another soak. . . . ***"They're all terrified you won't know the rules,"*** our traveler said, "but when they see you do everyone is delighted." ***At Unzen, on the island of Kyushu,*** the mineral springs and sulphur baths are famous. You can order eggs boiled in the hot springs, from attendants who inquire, "Boilo eggo?" On the same island is ***Ibusuki, on Kagoshima Bay,*** where there's a huge hotel. In a great glass-enclosed pavilion are the ***59 baths and bathing pools***—a regular labyrinth of them in a jungle-y park of tropical plants and trees: baths with little bridges, baths with cascades, with rocks; the jungle bath, banana bath, papaya bath (appropriate fruits are served at these). And there are also ***sand baths, in the naturally-heated sands***—heated by underground steam—on the beach. Sand-bathing is only possible at low tide, and there are special tide-watchers who determine the correct moment. Attendants give you a fresh blue-and-white kimono to wear and a spotless white cloth to wrap around your head, then bury you up to the neck in the steaming sand. When the tide turns, you're dug up again. . . . Meanwhile, in faraway France, the sea provides another kind of beauty bonanza: ***oyster cream for the skin.*** It's made by Ingrid Millet, an avant-garde dermatologist who has her own clinic in Paris, and whose clientèle is said to include Jeanne Moreau, Catherine Deneuve, and Mme. Georges Pompidou, France's first lady. The cream is made of extracts from live oysters, plus mineral salts and seaweed concentrates. . . . ***From China, newly re-opened to Western observers,*** comes this report from the wife of an American correspondent: ***"Chinese women look meticulously clean, healthy, and glowing.*** They don't use makeup but they do use skin-care products, softeners against weather and sun—lots of oil; you bring your own jar and get the oils that you need. Hair is generally worn very simply, but the young will do some small things to add a little chic—for instance, ***a little twist of curl on the forehead.*** Diet is balanced and very sensible: rice or noodles, meat or fish, lots of greens. They don't cook the life out of their food and so retain the vitamin content—often with the *wok* type of frying pan. Generally speaking, the Chinese girl exercises for about an hour a day, so she's in pretty good shape. They have marvelous carriage; walk straight and smartly." . . . ***Ampoules are beloved in Europe.*** They're glass vials containing oils and other liquids for the skin, hair, and overall health (in Switzerland, doctors prescribe liquid vitamins in ampoules). They generally hold ***just one dose or application*** of whatever it is—you break them open, or saw them with a little saw that's provided, and use the contents fresh. A few are large enough to be re-corked with rubber stoppers, used one or two more times. . . .



The hand at right belongs to Sabrina, a staff member at the Carita Beauty Institute in Paris; the metal holder contains brushes (in the middle), and ampoules for Carita's famous beauty preparations—oils and liquids that are often made from fresh vegetables and fruits, flowers and plants.

PEACHES AND SPICE

Not peaches bland with cream, but peaches spiced with ginger, warmed with sunlight—peaches with an ambery, tawny fillip—that's the totally inviting look of this makeup. On the eyes is a shadow called Sunlight; on the cheeks a glow of Tawny Amber Blush; on the mouth, enriched moisturizing lipstick in Ginger Peach. All, Geminesse, by Max Factor. . . . More brightness for the hair: a swingy little blond half-wig clapped on with a ribbon over darker-blond hair, to give a two-tone effect. Wig—one of the new fiber marvels—by Edith Imré, styled by Franklyn Welsh. Mr. John hair ribbon. Earrings: William de Lillo, at Bonwit Teller. Suit by Mollie Parnis, also on page 93.

DAVID BAILEY

BEAUTY

GOSSIP FROM ALL OVER







ROME

FASHION COLLECTIONS REPORT

Day looks create the urge to move, get out and do things. . . .
Pants suits triumph—with Valentino battle jackets,
Mila Schön pea jackets, Galitzine blazers . . . pants
cling at seat, widen at cuff. . . . Valentino vests,
Mila Schön knits—irresistible. . . . Best shirt: Galitzine's
charmeuse with black stripes, very long cuffs. . . .
Lots of layers around. . . . Pleated skirts, sleeveless
jackets, Valentino wrap coats skinny as sweaters, Mila
Schön double-faced coats her masterpiece. . . . For evening,
slinky sexy black, necklines slit the limit. . . .
Valentino black velvet dresses with white organdie collars,
cuffs . . . black sequin Galitzine blazers, vests in red-
and-black sequin stripes. . . . Day and night, black
stockings with back seams. . . . Black predominant . . . much
grey, camel, green . . . explosion of red—Galitzine
fire red, Valentino ruby. . . . Shoes in bi-color suède,
suède and reptile, suède and leather. . . .
Small close caps with page boys, short hair.

VALENTINO

Black velvet battle jacket, *near left*, strict, skinny, smash—
a black and silver sequin cobra uncoiling up the back, everything else
black layered on black: tiny little velvet vest, point d'esprit shirt,
cuffed charmeuse pants. Here, in one long soft stroke, is all the
luxury implicit in every stitch Valentino made . . . and that look
of chance perfection which can take as many as five fittings to acquire.
Pants suit, in Bises velvet and point d'esprit; Forneris charmeuse. At Martha.
To order at I. Magnin. Borbonese cuff links and Dal Cò shoes: Valentino.

BULGARI

Coral, onyx, diamonds, and gold link Bulgari's magnificent pendant necklace,
far left, with one of history's most sweepingly romantic names:
Queen Christina. Such a sovereign blaze, even the eyes
of the Italian beauty wearing the necklace
reflect its fire (helped by some caprice on the part of the camera).
And there's something else about the eyes you can't miss—the
deep-lidded gaze, shaded in light grey and penciled in dark,
with the depth of Garbo's. The Garbo of *Queen Christina*. The Garbo of
Ninotchka. The Garbo whose celebrated looks and free-swinging hair
inspired the makeup Gil of Max Factor has created for Valentino's new
collection . . . and for dresses like this one in black crêpe with white
shirt-collar and shirt-cuffs. Bises crêpe. Dress at Lord & Taylor. To order at
I. Magnin. Necklace by Bulgari of Rome, in New York at Danaos at the
Hotel Pierre. Geminesse makeup by Max Factor. Coiffure by Alba.



ROME

THE WRAP COAT, THE SUIT ...PATTERNED, LAYERED ...AND A PANACHE OF PHEASANT FEATHERS ON D'ARTAGNAN HATS

VALENTINO

From the king of diamonds, *left*—the ace: a double-faced cashmere wrap coat in black-and-white diamond checks, pulled around like a soft, small cardigan sweater over layers of separates—black wool pleated skirt, black-and-white small-checked wool weskit, white crêpe de Chine shirt with a piece of ruby-red georgette tied at the neck.... Valentino slipped this black cashmere cardigan, *right*, over a black-and-white plaid wool suit, cuffed and collared in white crêpe, a sleeveless blouse with a ruby velvet bow—and if it could have been managed, every woman there would have worn it right out of the salon.

Left: Coat of Agnona cashmere.
At Martha. To order, I. Magnin.
Right: Cardigan, Agnona cashmere;
Polidori wool suit. At Lord & Taylor;
I. Magnin. All accessories by Valentino;
the jeweled clips, made by Borbonese.
Coiffures, both pages, Alba.

HELMUT NEWTON



ROME

THE DOUBLE-FACED TAILORINGS—PANTS SUITS FOR HER... EVERYTHING FOR HIM

MILA SCHÖN

Amaranth-blue pants suit, *left*, everything about it—even the deep cuffs on the pants—double-faced so there's no bulk or weight to slow things down....What goes for women at Mila Schön goes for men: everything double-faced, *near left*—the grey cashmere overcoat, dark-grey wool suit, inlaid silk tie.... Navy blue and double-faced wools going arm-in-arm for day at Mila Schön, *right*—her pea jacket with steep nautical collar mounted over lean pants, checked knit shirt; his navy cashmere trench coat sashed over a navy wool suit, navy-and-white silk shirt, amaranth-blue silk tie—all but the shirt double-faced.

Belted pants suit, in Agnona wool; double-breasted pants suit, in Verzoletto wool. Both turnouts, at Martha; I. Magnin. Luini shoes. Coiffures by Dina of Milano. Both overcoats, in Agnona cashmere; men's shoes by Fratelli Rossetti.

HELMUT NEWTON



ROME

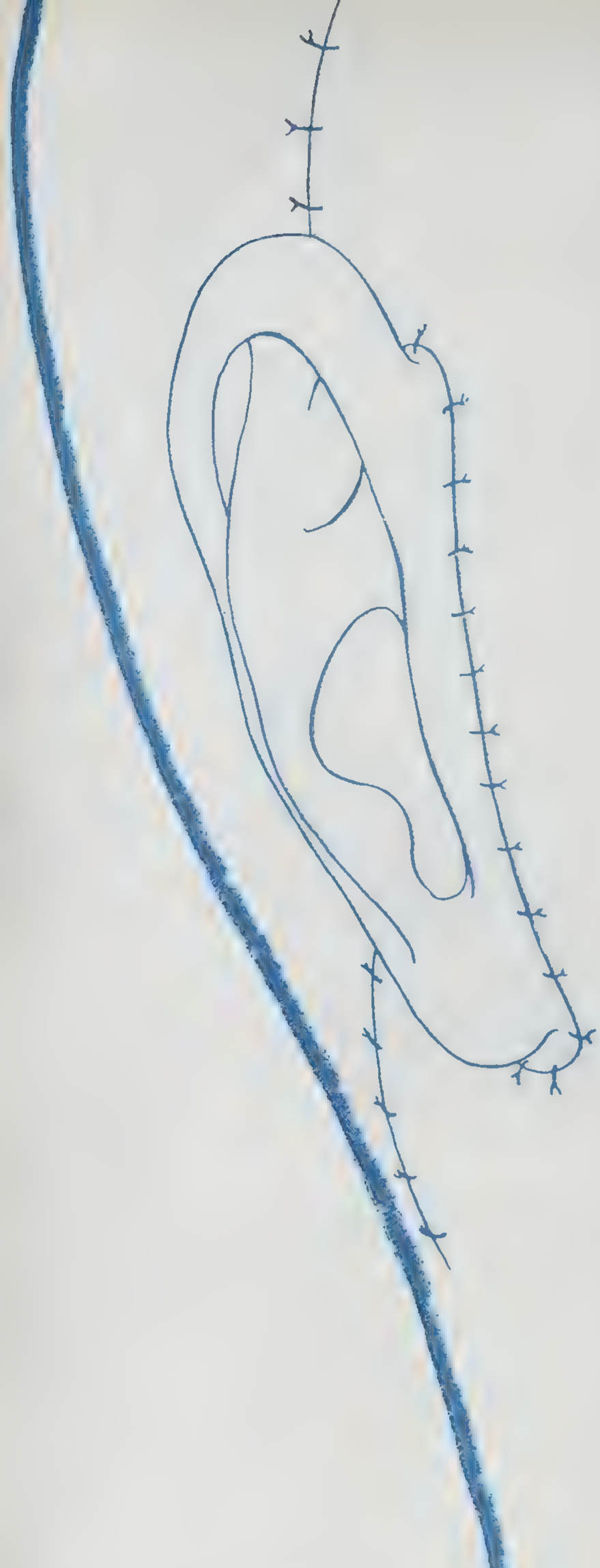
DOUBLE-FACED
CHOPPED COATS
OVER SLEEVELESS
SUITS...WRAPPED
COATS OVER
WIDE PANTS

GALITZINE

Layers, *left*,
stacked the way
Galitzine likes them
best for day—
chopped coat in dark
grey wool faced
with pale, vest and
pleated skirt in
grey-and-white tweed checks,
green charmeuse shirt and scarf-tie.
All, in Carmia fabrics. Turnout
at I. Magnin. Green fedora
by Maria Volpi for Galitzine.
Fama stockings. Mario Valentino shoes.

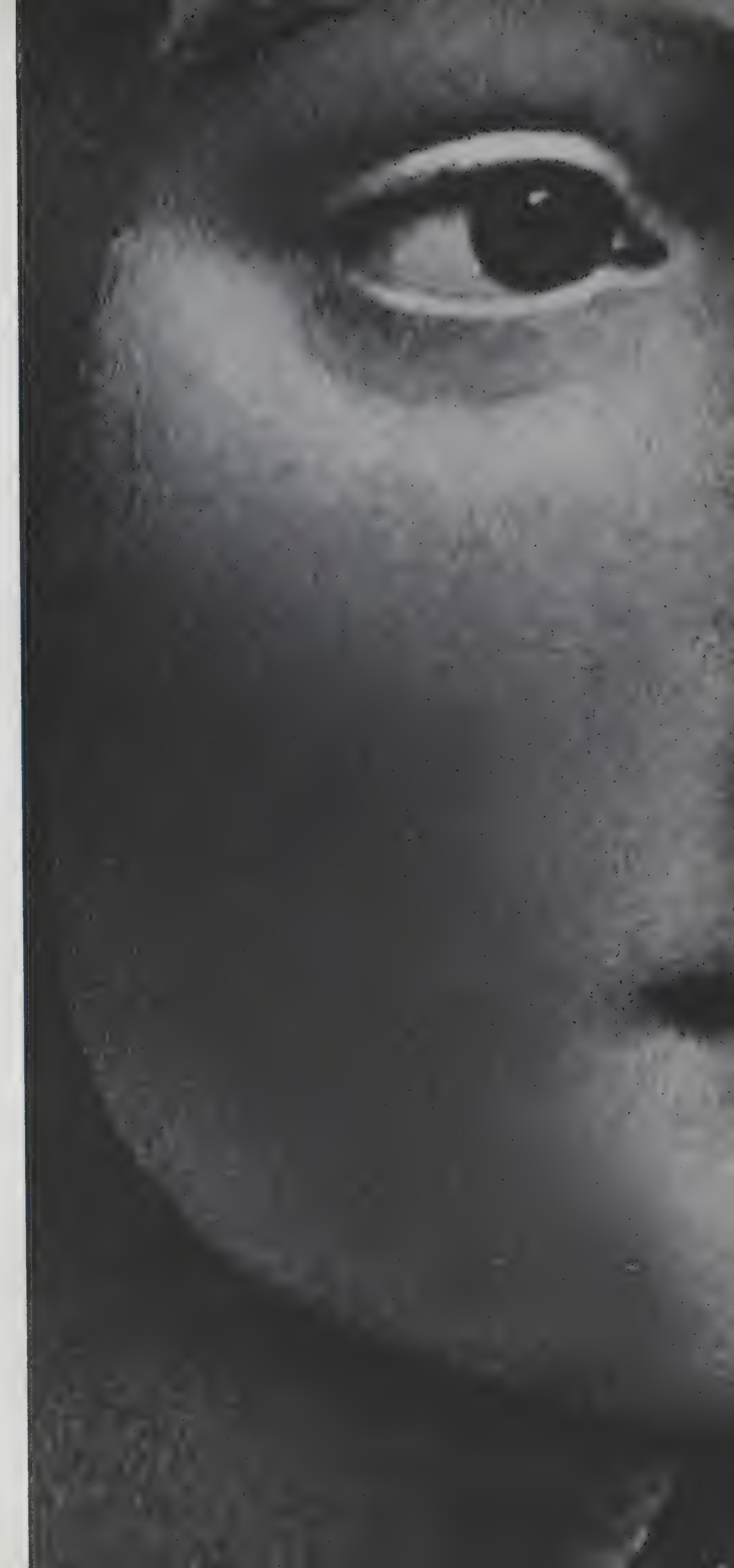
ANDRÉ LAUG

Crispest, most casual
little wrap coat in Rome, *right*—
beige wool tied over a
twenty-inch waist and wide
brown jersey pants. André Laug
liked the whole look
so much, he did it again
and again for day, in bright colors,
too—always with the little
Basque beret crushed down over one ear.
Coat in Gandini wool; pants in
Polidori wool. Coat at Saks Fifth
Avenue. Both coiffures, Dino of Milano.



Leonardo da Vinci's fifteenth-century portrait of the lovely Cecilia Gallerani. Vogue's artist has indicated the area where an older, less beautiful face could be lifted.

DRAWINGS BY CAROL WOIKE





FACE-LIFTS

when? . . . how? . . . if?

BY SIMONA MORINI

Would you believe, the face-lift was invented in the early 1900's probably by a Dr. Miller from Chicago? He was a quack and a genius, an embarrassment to the American medical profession of his time, yet a man who today is considered no less than one of the fathers of modern cosmetic surgery. It is a bit hard to believe, but Dr. Charles Conrad Miller knew exactly what he was talking about and performed face-lifts and other unheard-of surgical extravaganzas, such as reducing large mouths, narrowing wide nostrils, and creating dimples (he selected their location on the face "after having the patient smile") on puritanical Midwestern matrons, who probably would not have been caught dead wearing lipstick and usually looked towards Paris for any cosmetic luxury and beautifying device.

Pretty soon "respectable" surgeons all were doing the same thing as Dr. Miller, and the face-lift crossed the Atlantic the other way around. In 1912 Madame le Docteur A. Noël, a charming Parisian physician with a penchant for dermatology but not much experience in surgery, read in the newspapers that a famous but slightly *fanée* French actress had just returned from a tour in the United States, where she had not only found success but had also undergone an extraordinary operation on the scalp that had restored her youth. The news —as Madame Noël wrote later in a delightful little book about esthetic surgery—excited her so much that she begged the actress to allow her to examine the scars. It turned out that the actress had undergone something similar to today's mini-lift. A strip of scalp running over the head from one ear to the other had been cut off, and when the two margins had been sewn back, the upward pull of the skin had ironed out the wrinkles on the forehead and around the eyes. Madame Noël was impressed but she also noted that this procedure did noththing for the lower part of the face. She put aside dermatology and devoted herself to surgery, modifying the operation by cutting off small pieces of skin in those areas of the face where a lift would be most needed and where she could hide the scars best.

Since Madame Noël's day not much has been added to the technique of the face-lift. To reassure her patients of their progress, she had even thought of pre- and post-operative photographs, which she later published in her book. Elsewhere, I found a picture of her in the operating room. Gloveless, lips pursed, a white cap daintily placed over her hair and a white apron around her plump hips, Madame le Docteur looks like a good-natured cook tending to a cake decoration.

Since that time, however, the face-lift has become bolder and the results more striking. Where Madame Noël merely cut off little pieces of skin—"timidly," as she put it—modern plastic surgeons, having a better knowledge of the position of the important ear and facial nerves and of the major blood vessels, dare to undermine the skin far enough to be able to redrape it more smoothly and with a more natural look before securing it to the scalp and behind the ears. Yet the principles of the face-lift remain those of sixty years ago, as do the attitudes and psychological makeup of the prospective patients. The questions Parisian ladies (Continued)

FACE-LIFTS

(Continued) posed to Madame Noël are identical, for instance, to those that Ann Landers, the famous columnist, receives every day by the hundreds, the same that many plastic surgeons currently attempt to answer in the instructions they hand to prospective patients in the hope of clarifying matters and saving themselves time. As human as they are predictable, those questions are sure to come up later, during the actual interview. How long will my face-lift last? Is it true my face will drop again in five years? What is the best age to have a face-lift? Will the scars disappear? Will I look ten years younger? Two world wars and a few moon landings have occurred since Dr. Miller's time, but women seeking face-lifts today still use the same little lies and rationalizations, experience the same elation, fear, expectations, and occasional over-expectations. Wise Madame Noël conjectured the pattern of people's behavior in an amusing generalization about men's reactions to their wives' face-lifts. American husbands, she wrote, love it, ask to witness the operation, and even discuss surgical procedures with the surgeon. Englishmen are much the same but rarely show up in the operating room. In Italy and Spain only fifty per cent of the women confide their intentions to their husbands but, when it's over, both husband and wife rave about the good results. Scandinavians don't care one way or the other; Frenchmen are the worst: they are alarmed by their wives' desire to recapture their youth. Moral: French women have face-lifts—and keep it secret.

TIDIES UP THE FACE WITHOUT ALTERING ITS CONFIGURATION...

All this is pleasant and charming enough, but a face-lift is not a small proposition; in its own way, it is a great challenge for the plastic surgeon. Ear, nose, and oral surgery involve the very framework of the face; the face-lift's purpose is just the opposite: to "tidy up" the face without altering its configuration, and in this lies the challenge. Nothing drastic should happen to a face after a good lift, with the exception of a very loose neck, in which case the tidying-up results in a dramatic improvement. But even then, there should never be a *new* face, just new life imbued into it—the equivalent of what is accomplished, momentarily, by happiness, perfect health, or soft lighting. In other words, an illusion of youth, which in the face-lift becomes far more substantial, almost palpable and, within its limitations, permanent.

Until she had her face-lift, Francine L., a nightclub singer, knew how to create the illusion of youth with cosmetics and stage lighting. A slender New Yorker with a perfect Irish nose and chestnut hair that matches her skillfully applied eyelashes, Francine has never experienced stage fright, not even when, having interrupted her career to marry and have three children, she decided to return to singing. She returned to the stage of the Copacabana as if she had never left it. "I could depend on my voice not to get rusty," she said, "all I needed was a little more makeup and softer lights." Two years ago, Francine divorced her husband, an alcoholic. She married again, and her second husband, a most lovable man, died a few months later. At about the same time, her seventeen-year-old daughter ran away from home. When she was found, the young girl had married a boy of eighteen, left him, and was in need of intensive psychiatric care.

VANITY IS GOOD AND HEALTHY AND IRREPRESSIBLE...

Francine is a brave woman, not introspective or preoccupied with her own psychological makeup—all her strength goes into coping with life as it comes along. But brave people age faster than cowards. Francine never cried, she swallowed her grief, her disappointments, and all of a sudden, a year ago, a few hard lines petrified around her mouth and her eyes, while the rest of the face appeared to disintegrate, soften up like ripe dough. And yet plastic surgery never once had crossed her mind. She had seen the inside of a hospital only three times in her life, and then only to give birth to her children. Her theatrical agent had mentioned plastic surgery and had entered into a well-meaning conspiracy with her best friend to convince her to have a face-lift. Francine refused; her friend, carried away by her own argument, suddenly went ahead and had one herself. When Francine saw her, she put aside her doubts, her guilt at spending so much of her savings, and a few days later made an appointment with the same plastic surgeon her friend had consulted.

NOTHING DRASTIC HAPPENS AFTER A GOOD FACE-LIFT...

Francine walked into the surgeon's office determined not to let anyone explain to her the mechanics of a face-lift. She had managed to hush her friend's attempts to brief her on it and she wanted to be spared any detail. In order to find a face-lift acceptable, she felt it had to happen like a small miracle: to be put gently to sleep and awaken when the whole thing was over. All she wanted was to get her face back. Not a young girl's face but her own reliable one, with the familiar good bones and chiselled nose. She would take care of the makeup and the lights later.

Three weeks after the operation, Francine began harvesting her first rewards. The surprise in her friends' eyes was so genuine, their approval became such an amusing game to her that her agent grew alarmed and suggested it would be better, professionally, to let people forget she ever had a face-lift. At the end of our interview, Francine tasted one more reward: I asked her how old she was, and my double take was genuine, for she is fifty-one and looked to me a very happy and spiffy forty. Unemotionally and courageously, with two hidden seams behind her ears that were still a bit tender, she was once more ready to pick her way through the show-business maze.

WOMEN'S IMPULSE TO BEAUTY WILL NEVER CHANGE...

In the face-lift, the surgeon is concerned primarily with the skin, that amazing, many-layered sheath of the human body, which so mercilessly counts our biological years. The nose, the chin, the ears are landmarks around which the surgeon works, using them respectively as points of reference and anchorage for the sutures. But his main challenge remains the skin, how far he dares to undermine it from the fat and muscles underneath, in which direction he should rotate and pull it, how much of it he should excise. All this the surgeon has to do harmoniously, never for one moment losing what Dr. Jacques Joseph, the great Prussian surgeon of the 1920's, called the "biological sense," that special gentleness in handling tissue that cannot be taught but distinguishes the great plastic surgeon from the ordinary.

THE ILLUSION OF YOUTH BECOMES FAR MORE SUBSTANTIAL...

The first thing the surgeon must decide when planning an operation for an aging face is whether he is going to perform a rhytidectomy (standard face-lift), a blepharoplasty (correction of wrinkles around the eyes), or both. In the latter case, he has further to decide whether he is going to perform them in a single session, and which one he'll do first. Also to be taken into consideration is the question of whether the excess skin in the lower lid is indeed a defect of the lid and not part of the sagging of the adjacent cheek, in which case the face-lift alone might take care of it. Finally, in case of a pronounced double chin or extremely loose skin on the neck, a standard face-lift may not be enough and a submandibular lipectomy (correction of the chin) may be required in addition or instead.

The choice of whether to perform the operations in one session depends, in part, on the endurance of the surgeon and of the patient: the two—or even three—procedures together can last several hours. Also, the temporary swelling caused by an eyelid correction could mislead the surgeon about the actual condition of the rest of the face. But there are patients who want to "get it over with in one blow," and surgeons who have developed great speed in operating or have skillful assistants to whom all the suturing can be intrusted may attempt to do all in one session. But as far as I can see, there is no "best" solution.

BLEPHAROPLASTY (eyelid correction). The technique of this operation is quite simple: it consists of removing an ellipse of skin from the upper eyelid, and from the lower, a small strip of skin with an incision coinciding, on the outer side, with one of the "crow's feet." Finally, once the surgeon has made sure the eyelid corrections on one eye match those on the other, he finely sutures the wounds with silk and nylon.

What is not simple, though, is deciding the length of the incisions in reference to the eye, drawing a steady curve, and measuring the exact amount of skin to be removed: too little would not correct the defect; a few millimetres too much, and the eye might look distorted or, worse, not be able to closely properly. Also, wrinkled skin is not the only defect in the eyelid: inside both the upper and the lower lids there are, in each eye, three pockets of fatty tissue lying next to one another. As a result of a weakening of the membrane that contains them, any combination of these six little lumps can protrude, giving the eye a tired, old look, even to young or perfectly alert people. In correcting the eyelids, therefore, some of this protruding fat has to be trimmed. And again, removing the exact amount and not too much is of enormous importance, especially from the lateral pocket in the lower lid. An over-correction would provoke an unattractive depression there, a telltale of surgery.

Sometimes cutting off excess skin from the upper eyelid is not enough to erase the sleepy, swollen look of aging eyes. Even before planning a blepharoplasty, the surgeon must decide whether the defect is indeed in the upper lid or rather in a drooping eyebrow. The latter is elevated by excising an irregular ellipse of skin (wider toward the temple) right above the brow, with the suture line lying within the brow's upper hairline. For these operations, most surgeons prefer a local anesthesia combined with pre-operative sedatives. Cauterization has to be absolutely perfect. The operation lasts about one and a half hours, (Continued on page 125)

LEONARDO DA VINCI'S FAMOUS PORTRAIT OF GINEVRA BENCI. THE ARTIST'S DRAWING INDICATES THE AREA WHERE THE FIRST LINES OF AGE MIGHT APPEAR AND COULD, FOR THE WOMAN OF TODAY, BE CORRECTED BY SURGERY.





IN LONDON: AMERICANS A-MEWS

COLLECTOR'S TROMPE L'OEIL

The Hugh Chisholms' mews house

For Americans with international lifelines and work/play bases on more than one continent, London increasingly becomes a hub, a place for a compact, pleasing, workable living space, a traveler's point of return. On these four pages, two London settings for Americans on the come-and-go.

The house of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Chisholm, near Belgrave Square, was gutted and reconceived as a working home away from home *and* as a kind of invisible gallery to display nearly two hundred pieces of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Chinese porcelains. Hugh Chisholm's concern about having his collection—the nucleus inherited from his great-uncle, the architect Henry Hardenbergh, designer of The Plaza hotel and other august Manhattan landmarks—under one roof after all these years was that he might end up "having this place look like a shop." Hardly. Working in primary colors, because "in a naked white room blue porcelains would be too cold," Mr. Chisholm added the fire of reds and yellows, as well as the assurance that it's not what you put together that matters in decorating but the way you put it together. In the living room where a frieze of porcelains is supported on high beams, *right,* the setting against the stainless steel backdrop is Chisholm-in-essence: an eighteenth-century French porcelain stove forms a pedestal for a Brassaï sculpture, flanked to one side by a leather-covered porter's chair, another by a plastic chair. With new lamps, a recent etching by Jean-Pierre Velly, a slickerish vinyl footstool, chintzes Mr. Chisholm has had in the attic for five years, needlepoint pillows he stitched, the message is clear . . . "to be sure to show what is going on now." More now-nows, *above*—Lucite obelisks on the counter that rims the stairwell, *trompe-l'oeil* paintings by George Oakes on the doors to bedrooms. The bedroom with its American patchwork quilt has a point: Hugh Chisholm is the European Chairman of the Friends of the American Museum in Bath.

HORST





IN LONDON: AMERICANS A-MEWS

STRETCHING SPACE

John Galliher's mews house

No tea-and-chintz house, Johnny Galliher's. The courtyard fence floats Plexiglas sculptures; silver metal fish revolve on the lazy-Susan tray beneath the coffee table and resting on it is a gilded model (now a cigar box) of the officers' mess hall of the Pompadours regiment in Malta. An ostrich of rare pedigree —Fabergé made it of silver, lapis, and enamel—gleams in this house of surprises. Aiming "to live as agreeable a life as I can," Mr. Galliher, a man about the world of art, keeps his word, from April to October, in this Edwardian house with an exterior that allows no hint of its spacy interior. His intent—to stretch his house, to have larger but fewer rooms. His living room reaches into the garden, leaving just space enough for the trees that shade all four stories of the house.

Right: The entrance alcove to the living room is patterned with John Galliher's initials and occupied by an American statue of a nineteenth-century minstrel found in a Viennese café. The living room, a range of ambers, sky-lit, opens, *top*, on the narrow courtyard curtained with English mahogany eighteenth-century screens. The yellow leather sofas, the Danish rug blanketing one section of sisal carpet, "the kind you find in a boat," are foils for an eclectic collection, from a Tamayo painting over the bar to newel posts and apothecary jars (beside framed mirror), from contemporary constructions to everblooming brass foliage—spotlights replacing lamplight in every instance.

HORST



VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS

GÖSTA'S GEOMETRICS

STEVEN WOLOSKER

Gösta is a young Swedish designer you'll be hearing more about. His first collection of accessories is visually exciting, yet practical. They're modern shapes that work. **1.** Windshield sunglasses in lemon plastic and chrome, $14. Gösta designed the sweaters, too—long-sleeved red sweater, $22; curved black over-sweater, $15. Everything at Bloomingdale's.... **2.** Black and red circles make a wide patent leather belt, $30. At Gavroche, 827 Madison Avenue.... **3.** The skyscraper clog in red and black patent, $30. At Bloomingdale's.... **4.** A clutch bag that doesn't look like an antique—it's a neat container in red, navy, and grey patent, $25. At Bloomingdale's.... Some of Gösta's designs are also at Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; Charles Gallay.





1

2 3

SAINT LAURENT'S CRÊPE SOLES

Yves Saint Laurent has taken these classic shoe and boot shapes and given them a lift. Now they're raised up on crêpe rubber platforms—so they're not only high style but practical, too....

1. New turn on the spectator pump. Yves has added an ankle strap and three smoky tones (green and amber leather, claret suède), as well as the crêpe soles. $54.... **2.** The good "lady librarian" Oxford, at a new level—butterscotch leather on a natural beige crêpe rubber wedge.... **3.** Straight-back boot in chestnut-brown suède, set high on a crêpe wedge sole, $68.... 1 and 3, at Bloomingdale's. 2, alas, available only in Paris....

More on next page

MARY RUSSELL

PALOMA'S POLISH

Paloma Picasso is Picasso's daughter and she designs jewelry that has her own distinctive style—it's polished, witty, and pretty.



2

1 Some of Paloma's polished, silvery metal jewelry has been shown by Yves Saint Laurent with his dresses in Paris. Now, for the first time, Paloma Picasso jewelry is available here. . . . **1.** Paloma is wearing one of her necklaces—a silvery winged disk on a shiny ring choker. $22. At Henri Bendel, 10 West 57th Street. . . . **2.** Red suède belt with a silvery buckle shaped like a curly-haired flower face. $40. Also at Henri Bendel, 10 West 57th Street. . . .

OLIVIER GELBSMAN

GIORGIO'S BAG

Bloomingdale's wanted to wrap up everything they're selling this fall in a new look . . . so they asked multi-talented dress and jewelry designer Giorgio di Sant' Angelo to give it a whirl. Here's the result—a wild, fiery-colored, exciting print that's splashed all over Bloomie's shopping bags, wrapping paper. Sort of like getting a Giorgio design—for free . . . whee!



STEVEN WOLOSKER

FACE-LIFTS

(Continued from page 116)

and the patient leaves the hospital after two or three days. The sutures are removed usually after three days, but if the scars are not completely healed, a special adhesive tape is applied across them for a few additional days.

RHYTIDECTOMY (face-lift)

As if all their other privileges weren't enough, slender women with a soft skin and high cheekbones are also the ideal candidates for face-lift. The standard rhytidectomy seems to have been designed just for them. Heart-shaped, round-cheeked, too young, or much tanned faces can have a face-lift too, of course, but for each of them the procedure has to be modified to solve their specific problems.

A standard face-lift starts with an incision in the hair-bearing scalp, about three centimetres above the "widow's peak," along a small strip of scalp with the hair on either side placed out of the way. The incision continues down approximately to the point where the ear is attached to the head. From there it proceeds downward in front of the ear, parallel to a usually present little crease, and curves around the ear lobe. It continues upward and then sharply backward, reaching into the neck hairline, along a second strip of scalp.

The second step is separating the skin from the subcutaneous tissue, starting from the back of the ear and proceeding toward the jaws, taking care not to injure the facial nerve and its branches, the muscles, and the large blood vessels. At one point the surgeon interrupts separating the skin in that direction and begins from the front of the ear, in order to maintain a uniform plane. On the temples, he must undermine a bit deeper so as not to damage the hair follicles.

Next, the surgeon gathers the subcutaneous tissue upward and backward toward the ear and sutures it firmly to the fascia (the tissue that protects the facial muscles), which has become loose and inelastic, as has the aging skin. This tightens the fascia and prepares a smooth ground, over which the surgeon will gently rotate and redrape the skin. Two key sutures are placed, one slightly above the ear, the other somewhere behind the ear (an extra suture is sometimes placed in the back of the ear's cartilage in order to relieve the tension from the suture line in front of the ear), and the excess skin is cut off.

The incision in front of the ear is the last one to be closed. The surgeon rotates the skin upward, without pulling it, to smooth the upper part of the cheek, cuts off the excess skin, and sutures it delicately in place. The same is done on the other side of the face, once the surgeon has assured himself of symmetry. For the rhytidectomy, too, a local anesthesia combined with intravenous analgesia is often preferred, because the general anesthesia tube might conceal a portion of the face and mislead the surgeon in his judgment of the face's overall condition.

A firm dressing exerting a slight pressure is placed over the face with cotton pads around the ears; this is removed after forty-eight hours. The sutures in front of the ears are usually removed after three to five days; those behind the ears are not touched for at least ten days.

SUBMANDIBULAR LIPECTOMY (chin correction)

A three-centimetre, horizontal incision is made in one of the creases under the chin, and the skin is separated from the fat down to the level of the thyroid cartilage. A thin stratum of fat should be preserved, otherwise the skin attaches itself directly to the muscle, creating a sharp and uneven chin contour. The rest of the fat is trimmed all the way to the neck, carefully avoiding the lower ramification of the facial nerve, whose course is very close to the neck muscle. If the fat is the chin's major defect and the skin is not over-stretched, this is the only surgery required, and the incision is simply closed. A pressure bandage is applied, and the sutures removed after one week.

Quite often, however, the "double chin" is accompanied by loose skin, and for years surgeons have offered different solutions for this problem. But all these methods often leave noticeable scars on the neck. Besides, in many cases, there really is no excess skin: once the fat has been removed, all the available skin is needed to adhere to the newly remodelled chin/neck angle that had been obliterated by the presence of fat. Sometimes the chin fat extends on both sides as far as the jaws, in which case the fat has to be removed there, too, in order to keep the face contour as smooth as possible. Often this lipectomy is even more successful when it is performed in conjunction with a face-lift, because then the *entire* face contour is involved, and the surgeon can ensure a really smooth chin/neck angle. When the "double chin" is also receding, the surgeon adds a silicone implant.

There are certain wrinkles on the face that even the most radical face-lift cannot reach: the lines corrugating the forehead, the frown lines between the eyes, the wrinkles at the root of the nose, and the two parenthesis-like lines starting at the nostrils and compassing the mouth. When they are slight, they can be smoothed off with liquid silicone injections, but if they are deep, no longer creases but thick folds that no smile can dispel, the only way to improve them is either to cut off the fold of skin and turn it into a thin scar—the closest thing to the fine wrinkle the fold started out as—or to cut off the skin and part of the underlying muscle (or a few of its nerve branches), after having exposed it through a small incision.

The muscle which causes the forehead to wrinkle is called *frontalis,* and its function is to elevate the brows—in surprise, irritation, attention, boredom, whatever—a movement that at the same time lowers the scalp and creases the forehead skin.

Two parallel muscles, called *corrugator supercilii,* produce frowns by drawing together the eyebrows in concentration, anger, or merely as a habit, or a reaction to excessive light. These two muscles move in conjunction with a third muscle, the *procerus,* which is responsible for the transversal fold at the nose's root. Once these muscles are either denerved or cut off—it sounds like a rather drastic solution, but apparently it works—the most vivid emotions can come and go from a face, leaving it as serene and smooth as a Buddha's, which could be rather attractive.

The ten years that a plastic surgeon can lift from a woman's face are indeed a very substantial illusion of youth, but a face-lift cannot do the whole job. I believe—as formidable as it may sound to anyone who has to start from scratch—that serenity, charm, exercise, *and* a subtle makeup are almost necessary corollaries to a successful face-lift. Last year I sat next to Pablo Manzoni, the young Creative Director of Elizabeth Arden, at a Symposium of Aesthetic Plastic Surgery in Arizona, to which he had been invited to talk about the importance of makeup for women who had undergone cosmetic surgery of the face. Pablo was a bit apprehensive about sitting through his first medical meeting and seeing surgical slide-projections. When it was his turn to mount the platform, the surgeons listened somewhat distractedly, but when color photographs of women before and after a face-lift, and finally after a face-lift *and* a Pablo treatment, were shown, they applauded enthusiastically, and several crowded Pablo on the platform to ask questions. For many of them it was the first time they had cast a glimpse into the world of women's artifice at its professional level. Those "after" pictures gave a new dimension to what the surgeons considered their own province, the face-lift. Besides, Pablo was talking in laymen's terms of matters familiar to them. He spoke of facial proportions, of disguising small defects, of creating a harmonious relationship among the various features, of enlarging, reducing, enhancing . . . but with colors and shadows alone, and as the last touch of the beautification process which began in the operating room.

At one point of the lecture, the surgeons' wives, who would ordinarily have lounged around the hotel's swimming pool, began streaming into the conference room. I looked at them and thought of the circumspect matrons who found their way to Dr. Miller's office and who dreamt over such Sears, Roebuck Catalogue items as the Wrinkle Eradicator, the Hair Growing Fountain Comb, or Crème de Java, "the only face cream from Paris sold at reasonable prices." Vanity is good, I thought, healthy, and irrepressible, too. Women may have different ideas about how to look attractive and may change their notions with the season. But what never changes is the impulse to beauty, even at its most elemental stage—let's say, my grandmother as a young girl staining her lips with pink raspberry juice, or Thomas Hardy's Arabella practicing dimples before going to meet her lover. ▼

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This article by Simona Morini is an excerpt from her book,* Body Sculpture, *which will be published next spring by the Delacorte Press.*

INTUITION MYTH

(Continued from page 60)

is an exception. Although he recognizes that intuition is a slippery subject (it submits itself to experiment only with difficulty; one must rely, rather, on the introspections of those known to be intuitive), he risks a few generalizations about the personality type of those who have it. They are "quick-witted and explosive." They are "innovators, nonconformists, and anarchistic." Intuitions occur frequently in "affairs of the heart" and in "disturbed and sentimental people" (we don't have to be intuitive to feel what's coming now) "which is why it is rather the gift of women, and is her very strength." Dr. Lallemand's style is charming; his argument unconvincing.

Closer to home, and a weightier champion of this point of view, is Dr. Helene Deutsch. To her, "feminine" intuition is far more than "a simple, shallow skill," as Lucetta calls hers. In adolescence, man's attention is directed outward, woman's inward, she says. The keen observation of one's own psychological processes, typical of this period of development, is "as a rule, more intense in a girl than in a boy. Preoccupation with her own mind continues into a woman's later life, and determines two important and distinctive feminine characteristics—namely, woman's greater intuition and greater subjectivity in regard to her inner processes."

We become restive as we read on about the way in which intuition serves woman in the role of mother and homemaker (remembering the women, many of them, who are *not* so served and the men who, in the role of father, *are*). Isn't this a very narrow sliver of intuition cut from our already small wedge? Will Dr. Deutsch have nothing to say about those as remarkably gifted as Napoleon, Freud, Shakespeare (the names of men leap rebelliously to mind). Finally she does: "While ascribing a greater degree of intuition to women, we do not deny its existence in men." (We let out a long "Haaaaa.") "A sensitive, intuitive man probably has a strong feminine component in his entire personality. This seems particularly true of artistically gifted men and of those whose professions require psychologic understanding of other people."

We sighed too soon. This kind of psychoanalytic writing has an old-fashioned ring in these revolutionary days. A writer about women, should she take up the subject today, would claim *more:* that women are also capable of reason. She would deny that Hannah Arendt, Mary McCarthy, and Susan Sontag have "masculine" minds, as is so often said. Rather, she would insist that they reason like people who have been trained to handle ideas and that they do it better than most of us—women *or* men. When Descartes said of Princess Elizabeth of the Palatinate that her comprehension of his *Discourse* was "incomparable," he did more for women than any feeble claim for her intuitive powers could do.

Margaret Mead has said, "Throughout history the more complex activities have been defined and redefined, now as male, now as female, now as neither, sometimes as drawing equally on the gifts of both sexes. When an activity to which each could have contributed—and probably all complex activities belong to this class—is limited to one sex, a rich differentiated quality is lost from the activity itself. Once such a complex activity is defined as belonging to one sex, the entrance of the other sex into it is made difficult and compromising." Reason and intuition are just such complex activities. In the past they have been defined as belonging the one to the male, the other to the female. If Kate Millett and Germaine Greer (and their male counterparts when they in turn rise up to protest the protest of women) have their way, there will be no "masculine" reason or "feminine" intuition. In the brave new world of the next century, when children dressed in unisex clothes have identical educations, they will share reason and intuition.

But myths die hard. One day a woman will "just know" that her mate has fallen in love with someone else. When confronted, the astonished man will wonder how she knew. It must have been "feminine" intuition, he will decide. ▼

CORRECTION: We regret that the title on page 70 of our August 15 issue, reporting the new European ready-to-wear, erroneously read "London." The correct title was "Paris," and the clothes shown were designed in Paris by Karl Lagerfeld for Chloë.

HELPING INTUITION

(Continued from page 61)

What she is doing is evaluating nonverbal forms of communication. This ability is further expanded and strengthened in any woman who has brought up an infant and has had to communicate with the child, recognizing, understanding, and satisfying every need for two years on a nonverbal basis.

When used generally, the term "intuition" is so broad that there are almost fifty different working definitions. For example, an appealing definition is "receiving from your unconsciousness a relationship with your accumulated past experiences." Kant regarded it as the source of all knowledge, and Spinoza said it was the direct understanding of final knowledge, perfect truth.

Where does that warm feeling that one is right without any pragmatic evidence come from? Susanne Langer in *Philosophy in a New Key* speaks of the " . . . depth of the mind where 'intuitions' are supposed to be born, without any midwife of symbols, without due process of thought, to fill the gaps in the edifice of discursive or 'rational' judgment."

What can this inspiration accomplish? It can supplement "rational intellect" and give deep judgments which reveal solutions for action.

When does this thinking ahead occur? Alexander Pope in his preface to the *Works of William Shakespeare* wrote, "He seems to have known the world by intuition, to have looked through nature at one glance."

How does this ability to know through other than ordinary channels operate? It does not look for reasons that seek to prove but for deep understanding with which to know and believe. We are dealing with a mental process much more extensive than the simple term "a woman's intuition."

The intuitive process appears to have different levels. The following is a rough classification:

Primary: "Woman's intuition" is response to one's immediate feelings. On a more intuitive level, people can, with less information, get the point more quickly.

Secondary: In artistic as well as scientific fields, the understanding of meaning and significance is enhanced by intuition. In research and analysis, intuition helps form the shadow upon which substance is built. The late American physicist Percy Williams Bridgman said: "The base of science is, after all, the feeling in our bones that what we have done is right."

No matter at what level of intuition you may be operating, the following suggestions may be of assistance.

1. Try to be in touch with your feelings. The more you rely upon your intuition the stronger and more dependable it becomes. Almost every experienced negotiator and diplomat will attest to this.

2. Allow your deep emotions to be felt. They cannot be disassociated from intuition.

3. Acquire experience and data, necessary ingredients in the exercise of intuition.

4. In specific application to individual problems, the following mental states are helpful:

(a) freedom from worry
(b) freedom from competing problems
(c) relaxation—rest in many forms, in bed, in bath
(d) no interruptions

5. Jot down ideas as soon as possible. Some ideas come into the consciousness and are lost because they are not immediately grasped. Keep a light, pad, and pencil beside your bed. Dreamtime can be most creative.

A word of caution: Distinguish between intuition and reacting on the basis of a label or classification. Intuition helps to bring all past experience together to apply to the moment of decision. Reacting to labels works in the reverse. Here, one has had only a limited experience and is projecting it as general classification into one's future action. An example of this is a woman who says, "All men are the same. I am married to one."

A woman's intuition along with its deeper level has been long recognized. In 1845, Margaret Fuller intuitively wrote my conclusion when she said in *Woman in the Nineteenth Century:* "What I mean by the Muse is that unimpeded clearness of the intuitive powers, which a perfectly truthful adherence to every admonition of the higher instincts would bring to a finely organized human being . . . should these faculties have free play. I believe they will open new, deeper and purer sources of joyous inspiration than have yet refreshed the earth." ▼

EUROPEAN ART

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burg has just bought a Tom Wesselmann.

More American art: at Berlin's Neue Nationalgalerie this summer, the vast, square, glass-enclosed space designed by Mies van der Rohe glowed with great Mark Rothko panels hanging from the coffered bronze ceiling.

The defiant years when André Breton and his painters and poets first dynamited a trail through the caverns of the unconscious seemed far away when the town of Bordeaux put on a large Surrealist exhibition under official auspices. Selected by Mademoiselle Martin-Mery, curator of the Musée des Beaux Art, it was directly sponsored by Bordeaux's mayor and France's prime minister, Jacques Chaban-Delmas. Leaving a wake of popping flashbulbs behind him, the handsome *premier ministre* strode briskly through the three floors of Mirós, Arps, de Chiricos, Magrittes, et al., then received his guests at a Town Hall reception with *vin blanc de Bordeaux* and *caviar de la Gironde*.

The Bordeaux exhibition had the merit of gathering certain less familiar works from private collections, notably the once controversial, rarely seen "Vierge Corrigeant l'Enfant Jésus" by Max Ernst, now belonging to Madame Jean Krebs. This 1928 painting of the Virgin spanking a blond Christ child so vigorously that His halo has slipped onto the floor, with the artist André Breton and the poet Paul Éluard looking through a window, once considered blasphemous, has been selected to be reproduced for a Swedish Bible.

The real sleeper of the summer season among artistic-intellectual circles in Paris was the appearance of an unknown American theatrical company founded by Robert Wilson. His almost wordless creations lead the spectator into a kind of three-dimensional surrealist dream-picture, moving with hallucinatory slow motion through disconnected situations, each as solitary as Giacometti's characters crossing a square.

The hypnotic beauty of the two daily performances so fascinated the usually blasé Parisian public and critics that both the matinees at L'Espace Cardin where a work called *Prologue* (reviewed in the September 1 issue of Vogue) ran wordlessly for over three hours and the evening performances of *Deafman Glance* at the Théâtre de la Musique were jammed, standing-room-only, with *aficionados* comparing notes on how many times they had been.

A curious echo of Wilson's impact was the open letter to André Breton written by Louis Aragon, the brilliant Communist man of letters (in *Les Lettres Françaises*). Aragon, who had broken off with Breton many years before the founder of Surrealism's death, felt moved to address him, over the tomb as it were, saying that both men would have found in Wilson that source of the marvelous that each so prized.

Another American marked the Paris summer season: Aaron Copland returned to conduct a concert of his works at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, make a film of his visit for French television, and help the American Music School at Fontainebleau celebrate its fiftieth anniversary. Exactly fifty years before, Copland arrived from Brooklyn to study music in a wing of the Château de Fontainebleau, where he discovered that students could borrow, from Napoleon's own library in the castle, books bound in scarlet morocco and marked with a great golden N. More importantly, he had the intuition to persuade a brilliant young harmony teacher, Nadia Boulanger, to accept him as a composition pupil. Since then, a generation of American composers, including George Gershwin, made their way to the remarkable Mademoiselle Boulanger's door. Although she is now eighty-four and almost blind, *la grande Mademoiselle's* acumen and curiosity remain undimmed.

An unexpected windfall blew into the coffers of the Fontainebleau school: the mention in *Love Story* by Erich Segal's heroine that she wanted to go to France to study with Nadia Boulanger attracted thirty students.

The brilliant but beleaguered Jean Leymarie, who directs Paris's Musée National d'Art Moderne, organizing shows, writing catalogues, and producing books as well—without even the help of a full-time secretary—is making considerable changes. The museum, originally built as a temporary structure for an international exhibition, is singularly ungraceful as a place to display works of art, and the collections have suffered from years of official parsimony. Now Leymarie is regrouping its holdings, and reorganizing workable space. During the summer a choice selection of Picassos were on view that *vaux le voyage*, as the Michelin guidebook would say. Leymarie has reason to be proud of his latest acquisition: he persuaded a conservative board to buy an Arshile Gorky, "Landscape Table," the first painting by this significant figure of American art to enter a French museum.

Eventually the museum will have new quarters. It has been a pet project of President Pompidou, who gathered an international jury, including the American Philip Johnson, to select the winners of France's first major architectural competition in years. The project chosen (in July) for the future Contemporary Arts Center is by an Italo-British firm: a husband and wife team, Richard and Su Rogers, and Renzo Piano. The Center is to be built in the ancient Marais quarter of Paris, just east of Les Halles pavilions that have been such a source of controversy all summer. Feelings about the removal of Baltard's iron and glass "umbrellas" have run high enough to provoke police-quelled riots. Unfortunately, the best that can be hoped for is the preservation of the four (out of ten) western-most pavilions.

Meanwhile, Leymarie's next exhibition will be a Léger retrospective to be opened in October at the Grand Palais, and he is planning a large Miró show to mark the Catalan's eightieth birthday in 1973.

This October will see the protean Picasso's ninetieth birthday, and among the publications to mark the event will be a lavish Picasso volume published by Skira with a text by Leymarie—an old friend of the Master's whose young daughter lived at one time with the Picasso family as a playmate for Jacqueline's daughter Cathy.

The most ambitious of these Picasso projects is the publication of the entire contents of the new Picasso museum in Barcelona undertaken by the Catalan firm of Gustavo Gili. Most of the material, dating from the artist's early years before he went to Paris, is unrecorded. Señora Gili, who works with her husband, travels with piles of photographs for identification and dating to Mougins, since Picasso is the only surviving source of information. The task taxes even Picasso's prodigious visual memory, but his built-in total recall functions astonishingly. The result, running to several volumes, will not be ready for some time. Meanwhile, the Gilis have an exclusivity on the hundreds of unpublished works from this cache given to Barcelona by the artist.

An exhibition of eleven *tableaux morts* combined by the American artist Edward Kienholz of real furniture, bric-a-brac, and plaster-cast figures toured Europe for eighteen months with resounding success. Incidentally, few ripples of this success apparently reached American shores. Although the show packed six major museums [Moderna Museet (Stockholm), Stedelijk Museum (Amsterdam), Städtische Kunsthalle (Düsseldorf), Centre National d'Art Contemporain (Paris), Kunsthaus (Zurich), Institute of Contemporary Arts (London)], gathered enthusiastic press notices, and even resulted in sales to the Stockholm, Amsterdam, and—wonder of wonders—Paris museums, there were almost no accounts in American publications.

Although these grim tableaux, using even smells and literary references to make their point, refer to specifically American situations—a Los Angeles bar, a Nevada whorehouse, a couple entangled in the back seat of a '38 Dodge—they seemed to churn up responses from the European collective unconscious. A new uncompromising Kienholz will be part of the Ten Los Angeles Artists exhibition to open at London's huge Hayward Gallery in the fall.

The gloomy concrete pile of the Hayward Gallery on London's South Bank has been set aquiver by a large and stunning (literally) Bridget Riley retrospective put on by the Arts Council of Great Britain (July 20 to September 5). An expanded version of the show that bounced optical waves through Hanover, Bern, Düsseldorf, and Turin for nine months, it will continue to do so in Prague this autumn.

Besides the familiar vibrant astringency of the early black and white panels, this exhibition presents several rooms of color work from the last four or five years. Here, stripes of elegant color—parallel, converging, rippling—attract and repel each other against a white ground, ex-

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panding, contracting, luring and assaulting the eye, changing color as one approaches or retreats, the distance between spectator and canvas serving as the essential battleground for this artist.

It was a happy summer for Proustians because the late Second Empire splendor of the Jacquemart-André museum in Paris, in the boulevard Haussmann quarter where Marcel lived most of his life, housed a lavish spread of paintings, photographs, manuscripts, and memorabilia titled "Proust en son temps," to celebrate the centenary of the author's birth. The opening had many *temps retrouvé* elements, with frail Proustian relics tottering among the potted palms and the mannequins draped with dresses by Worth that might have belonged to the Duchesse de Guermantes, past the famous Jacques-Émile Blanche portrait with the poignant, circled eyes, Boldini's jaunty "Robert de Montesquiou," and László's "Duchesse de Clermont-Tonnerre."

There was a full record of Proust's literary career with first editions elaborately and respectfully inscribed, often to people who merely considered him a snobbish hypochondriac, and manuscripts and galley pages with endless spidery corrections. Proust's Parisian turn-of-the-century milieu of clubs, cafés, and street scenes was charmingly evoked by such *petits maîtres* as Helleu, Jean Béraud, and Gervex. A room was devoted to Ruskin, whom Proust translated and followed esthetically, and to the artists whom he particularly admired and transferred partially to his pages to make up the composite character of Elstir: Monet, Helleu, and Whistler. A Renoir portrait of Wagner, a Sargent drawing of Fauré and Debussy illustrated Proust's musical tastes. A photograph of Saint-Saëns recalled that the first movement of his "Violin Sonata in D Minor" inspired Proust's *petite phrase de Vinteuil* which used to throw Madame Verdurin into such ecstacies.

The downright fervor of the crowds and ever-lengthening bibliographical lists indicate what reality the poetic universe of this recluse, who died almost fifty years ago, continues to hold for the civilized mind. ▼

TO SEE, HEAR

(Continued from page 86)

tions," October 15–16, and ***Morton Gould*** as conductor, November 19–20. The exception to the decline in classical record sales is the Orchestra's own record company, specializing in twentieth-century composers who have not been recorded elsewhere. . . . ***MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA:*** The Center Opera Company of Minnesota continues in its role as the pacesetter for American opera with the world premieres of ***Dominick Argento's*** *Postcard from Morocco,* October 14, and a yet-untitled work by ***Sydney Hodkinson*** at the Guthrie Theatre, March 5. The Minnesota Orchestra, conducted by ***Stanislaw Skrowaczewski,*** opens its season in twin concerts October 7 in St. Paul and October 8 in Minneapolis with works by Wagner, Schuman, Berlioz. . . . The Minnesota Dance Theatre and School will present four new works in repertory beginning September 17, and six free People's Nights concerts starting February 7. . . . ***NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT:*** The spunky New Haven Symphony Orchestra will present ***Robert Helps's*** *Symphony No. 1,* on March 7; the American premiere of ***Luciano Berio's*** *Magnificat* on November 16. . . . ***NEW YORK, NEW YORK:*** The Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center: ***Julian Bream,*** lutist and guitarist, October 24 and 26; ***Pinchas Zukerman,*** violinist, November 12 and 13; ***Juilliard String Quartet,*** January 7–8; ***The Guarneri String Quartet,*** January 30 and February 1; ***Beverly Sills*** singing in a Telemann cantata, February 25–26; ***Pierre Boulez*** conducting the world premiere of his new work, March 5 and 7. . . . At the City Center of Music and Drama: the ***City Center Joffrey Ballet,*** October 6 to November 4; the ***Maurice Béjart Ballet of the 20th Century,*** November 23 to December 5; ***The Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater,*** December 7–19; ***American Ballet Theatre,*** January 4–30. . . . Composers in Performance, The Metropolitan Museum of Art: ***LaMonte Young*** and ***Marian Zazeela,*** October 23; ***Terry Riley,*** November 13. . . . Handel Society of New York, Carnegie Hall, the first performance of *Athalia* in New York, January 24, with ***Maureen Forrester,*** the contralto to be watched this season. . . . The Hunter College Saturday Evenings Series: ***Mstislav Rostropovich,*** December 18; ***Andre Previn,*** conductor-composer appearing as pianist, April 15; ***Isaac Stern,*** May 20. . . . ***Lar Lubovitch and Company,*** in two two-week seasons that will include four premieres and *Ecstasy* with music by Olivier Messiaen. . . . The Metropolitan Opera, Lincoln Center, opens September 20 with Verdi's *Don Carlo* with ***Robert Merrill, Cesare Siepi,*** and ***Grace Bumbry.*** New productions include *Tristan und Isolde* with ***Birgit Nilsson*** and *Pelléas et Mélisande.* . . . Town Hall Great Artist Series, Town Hall: cellist ***Leonard Rose,*** January 17; soprano ***Evelyn Lear,*** February 28. . . . New York City Opera, New York State Theater: the New York premiere of Donizetti's *Maria Stuarda,* with ***Beverly Sills,*** March 7. . . . The New York Philharmonic, Lincoln Center: ***Pierre Boulez*** begins his three-year contract September 21 with retrospectives of the works of Liszt, nineteenth-century composer, and Berg, the twentieth-century composer. Among Boulez's many innovations: a series of four concerts of contemporary music, "Prospective Encounters 7-12," at the New York Shakspeare Festival Public Theater on Lafayette Street, concerts from seven P.M. to midnight with the "audience free to move about the hall." . . . The New York City Ballet, New York State Theater: in repertory from November 16 to February 20, two premieres are scheduled by perhaps the finest ballet company in the world. ***Jerome Robbins'*** *The Goldberg Variations,* which opened last season, is the newest stunner. . . . ***PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA:*** The ***Lucas Hoving Dance Company,*** May 15 to June 4 will tour the public schools as part of the Artists-in-the-Schools Program of the National Endowment for the Arts. . . . The Philadelphia Orchestra opens its season September 22 with the world premiere of ***Samuel Barber's*** "The Lovers" under the direction of ***Eugene Ormandy.*** . . . ***RICHMOND, VIRGINIA:*** San Francisco Dancers' Workshop Company, directed by ***Ann Halprin,*** will perform *Bo'u'lu-Bo'ici-Bo'ee,* a voodoo ritual, to the chant of dancers' voices, October 28–30. . . . ***ROCHESTER, NEW YORK:*** The Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra continues its major program of introducing works by young composers with the world premiere on December 16 of a work by ***William Schuman. David Zinman,*** away from the directorship of the Netherlands Chamber Orchestra, will direct, November 17, January 6 and 13. The ***First Moog Quartet*** will perform April 6. . . . ***ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI:*** The ***Paul Sanasardo Dance Company,*** December 6–8. . . . ***SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH: Ballet West*** will premiere a string of contemporary works March 22–25. . . . ***SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA:*** The San Francisco Symphony Orchestra's season opens December 1 with Stravinsky's *The Rite of Spring,* Berlioz' "Overture, The Judges of the Secret Court," and Haydn's *Symphony No. 90,* conducted by ***Seiji Ozawa.*** . . . San Francisco Opera company opens September 10 with Jules Massenet's *Manon.* . . . ***SARASOTA, FLORIDA:*** The small, spectacular Baroque Asolo Theater at the John and Mabel Ringling Museum of Art is an extraordinary setting for opera, this season (January 13 to February 12): *Madame Butterfly, The Marriage of Figaro, The Three Penny Opera.* . . . ***YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO:*** The ***Twyla Tharp Company,*** a young company with bold ideas on what dance *shouldn't* be—their *Fugue* is performed without music on a miked stage—will be at Antioch College the last week in April. . . . ***WASHINGTON, D. C.:*** With the opening of The John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, Washington is the hub of music and dance this season. ***Antal Dorati,*** conducting the National Symphony Orchestra, opens the Concert Hall at the Center, September 9. . . . ***Arlene Saunders,*** American *prima diva* at the Hamburg State Opera, opens in a new opera written for her, *Beatrix Cenci,* September 10. . . . The American Ballet Theatre begins its inaugural season at the Kennedy Center, September 11 with *The River* by ***Alvin Ailey,*** music by ***Duke Ellington.*** ▼

DÜRER

(Continued from page 89)

easily draw, on hearsay, an eight-legged hog—his magical interest in freaks. The incongruities of his epoch were summed up by Behaim's "earth apple," included in the Dürer exhibitions, a globe made in Nuremberg in 1492 showing a map of the world as Ptolemy saw it.

Dürer was a bewildering mixture of believer, burgher, and Renaissance man. The son of goldsmiths, he was accustomed to work on commission, drawing up plans for armor or goldwork, an altarpiece or a portrait; but he would draw a face that interested him for nothing. He spent twenty years working on a highly mathematical treatise on human proportion—still in use—but used nudes only in religious contexts. Out of all these contradictions, Dürer managed a carefully detailed picture of the inner and outer life of his world—his imagination dancing toward the film and the comic strip.

A major cohesive element in Dürer's art remains unseen in these exhibitions, and that is Dürer's extraordinary conviction of the world's wholeness. There was a suggestion of it in the Nuremberg exhibition in Germanic National museum: an elaborate rendering of a triumphal arch made from 174 wood blocks, each with a scene from the exploits and lineage of Maximilian I, the royal patron of the Renaissance in the North. For Dürer there was the descending order of creation—God, the king, his queen, their nobles, the burghers, the artisans, the peasants. Dürer saw the totality of his world as yet uncracked by the newfangledness he used to speed his vision across Europe. He remains five hundred years on time with the splendid, troubling melancholy of knowledge.

DÜRER EXHIBITIONS IN AMERICA: *New York City:* "Albrecht Dürer," The Metropolitan Museum of Art, September 15 to November 14; *Princeton, New Jersey:* "Albrecht Dürer: The Early Graphic Works," The Art Museum, Princeton University, September 21 to October 24; *Boston, Massachusetts:* "Albrecht Dürer: Master Printmaker," Boston Museum of Fine Arts, November 18 to January 16. ▼

ACCESSORY INFORMATION

GREAT YEAR FOR COATS

Page 44. With Halston's cashmere poncho: Madcaps hat; Grandoe gloves; shoes by Charles Jourdan.

Page 45. With the fur jacket by Anne Klein for H.B.A. Furs: Paul Iwao belt; shoes by Charles Jourdan.

Page 46. With the wrap-and-tie polo coat by Geoffrey Beene: Madcaps hat, at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Robert Originals earrings; tights Saks Fifth Avenue.

Page 47. With the bright fur coat from Chester Weinberg Furs: Bergère earrings; pants by blassport; Palizzio shoes.

Page 48 (left). With the lamb-trimmed coat by Anne Klein for designers' Melange: The Custom Shop tie; Grandoe gloves; Halston Limited pants; Charles Jourdan shoes.

Page 48 (right). With Giorgio di Sant' Angelo's flower-print coat: Bergère earrings; mittens by Bonnie Cashin for Crescendoe-Superb; Christian Dior tights; Charles Jourdan shoes.

Page 49. With the hooded velvet coat from Alleycat: Aris gloves; Burlington tights; Herbert Levine boots.

Page 50. With Maximilian's pale mink: K.J.L. earrings; Aris gloves.

Page 51. With the dark mink reefer by Galanos for Neustadter Furs: hat by Adolfo, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Bergère earrings; Grandoe gloves; shoes by Palizzio, to order at Lord & Taylor.

Page 52. With Norell's fur-trimmed coat: Marvella earrings; Grandoe gloves; Belle-Sharmeer tights; shoes by Palizzio.

Page 53 (left). With Norell's plaid coat: K.J.L. earrings; Kayser gloves.

Page 54. With the black satin trench coat from Bond Street: Bergère earrings; Lady Manhattan shirt; tie by The Custom Shop; Hansen gloves; David Evins boots.

Page 55 (left). With Russell Taylor's lamb-trimmed coat: Madcaps hat; Bergère earrings; David Evins boots.

Page 55 (right). With the fur-collared wrap coat by Stephen Burrows: Aris gloves; boots by Mario Valentino.

Page 56 (left). With the frosted mink jacket by Anne Klein for H.B.A. Furs: Fownes gloves; pants by blassport.

Page 56 (right). With Ben Kahn's dark mink jacket: K.J.L. earrings; Adelaar blouse; pants by blassport; shoes by Pan Com.

Page 57 (left). With the suède coat from Beged-Or: Adolfo hat; Napier earrings; boots by Mario Valentino.

Page 57 (right). With the undercoat suit by Couture Intl.: earrings by Bergère; Elegant belt; Grandoe gloves; Beauty Mist tights; Mario Valentino shoes.

Page 58 (left). With Originala's navy coat: Hanes tights; shoes by Florence Otway for Mademoiselle.

Page 58 (right). With the grey wrap coat by Clavin Klein: gloves, Viola Weinberger; Palizzio shoes.

Page 59 (left). With Jaeger's camel polo coat: Ship 'n Shore shirt; tie by The Custom Shop; Aris gloves; Burlington tights; Palizzio shoes.

Page 59 (right). With the belted coat by Joseph Stein: Napier earrings; Elegant belt; Hanes tights; shoes by Palizzio.

THE LITTLE BLACK SUIT

Page 92. With Seymour Fox's tweed suit: earrings by Eisenberg Ice; Kay Fuchs gloves; stockings by Phoenix.

Page 93 (top left). With the black wool suit by Cardinali: Grandoe gloves; Burlington stockings; shoes by Palizzio.

Page 93 (right). With the Mollie Parnis velvet suit: K.J.L. earrings at Bonwit Teller; Kayser gloves.

UNDERCOAT DRESSES

Page 94. With Jayna Modes' Burgundy knit: hat by Malyard, at Bloomingdale's; tights by Chadbourn.

Page 95. With the aubergine jersey by Brenner Couture: earrings by Robert Originals; Danskin tights; shoes by Walter Steiger for Pancaldi.

Page 98. With Pat Sandler's foulard shirtdress: Vendôme choker; belt by Joanna Rubens for Gerald Wessenger; Prestige tights.

Page 99. With the Paisley jumperdress from Oscar de la Renta Boutique: Madcaps hat; belt by Peter Catalano for P.C. Designs; Roman Stripe tights; shoes by Walter Steiger for Pancaldi.

VOGUE PATTERNS

Page 96. With Vogue Pattern 8143: K.J.L. earrings.

Page 97. With Vogue Patterns 2376, 8030: Charles Jourdan belt.



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INTUITION FOLKLORE

(Continued from page 61)

and how many other legends); to mariolatry, matriolatry, and the lover's dream.

Some of this enchantment, foul and fair, comes from our early days when the woman in the home, so weak and ailing, often moneyless, powerless, often anxious, disturbed, wretched, with no status to speak of, no trade union, yet had the awful power of hunger and suck, gave life and held off death, set out her law, defied *their* law for our sakes, a magic woman sheltering these small creatures, ourselves, obliged to live in the country of the giants. Mothers and fathers can and do maim and kill; and children have their moments of fear with even the kindest of parents. But the man's power is evident: the woman's is stranger. Behind the concept of woman's strangeness is the idea that a woman may do anything—she is below society, not bound by its law, unpredictable—an attribute given to every member of the league of the unfortunate. To make a small payment for their disability, we endow the slave, the woman, with unusual interior vision.

But that women's intuition may be a fable, a pretty package handed to the socially disabled, something to hold off the evil eye, does not mean there is no intuition; it does not even mean there is no feminine intuition. We all know it and have felt the quick stick in the ribs of instant knowing, the pleasure or fear and with it the feeling of certainty. There are the whiffs and gleams that are only guesses, instinct hovering here and there; and there are intuitions of various degrees, which appear to be the truth.

Intuition is not infallible; it only seems to be the truth. It is a message that we may interpret wrongly. Aunt Rose, who loves doilies and cream cakes, is introduced to a professor who has dirty fingernails and does not pay her comments sufficient respect. "Don't trust him," she says; and when six years later he makes off with one of his girl students, she feels great satisfaction; she was right! Yet, she was not wholly wrong; a professor with dirty fingernails is entirely opposed to the spirit of doilies and cream cakes that broods over her life. A man you have known for years is alone in the room with you and you suddenly fear him; something wicked hovers here. But you are wrong. He is experiencing one of the fits of temper that accompany love; you have received but misunderstood the message. (In Turgenev's *Fathers and Sons,* this situation is remarkably expressed in the third love scene between Bazarov and Madame Odintsov.) Henry James's *In the Cage* gives the life-atmosphere of a young girl, a tissue of intimations, romantic guesses, mistaken perceptions springing from her pathetic needs; and though she is never far out in her guesses, her whole interpretation is wrong because she is in "the cage" (she is a counter clerk in a telegraph office).

These are all intuitions of different kinds and of common experience. There is the sharp sudden insight that gives the pleasure of the kaleidoscope falling into pattern; there is the lightning stroke, one of various kinds of electrifying intimations often described as if they were electrical phenomena ("there was a flash between us"), and the feeling even of an unseen but intense beam as in instant hate or love or fear; and there is the divination or sensing that is the result of much forgotten experience.

There are preconditions and conditions for this immediate knowledge; to begin with, careful observation. We have never lived alone, from the cradle till now, and our senses have taken in many thousands of impressions that have formed our opinions, even our personalities. We are unaware of most of them and think we can take a straight, impartial view of things; and there they are, unrecognized, waiting to aid us in a crisis. Meeting a person for the first time is a crisis. We are apprehensive, a word with two common meanings.

We are cautioned by sight, sound, touch perhaps, sensations of balance and inharmony, embarrassment, ease, and also a powerful sense, often neglected for politeness' sake, smell. I mean not only tobacco-reek, wet raincoats, newly polished leather but natural hair and skin oils, the smell of flesh, dry clothing, many lesser odors. We may be moved in our judgment by too much cleanliness (conveying sterility, aridity), by a mattress of body hair, unseen, unguessed-at, but interfering with some sort of signals, and I mean nothing mystic. Walking, we move through crowds without jostling and without thinking—we are noting a hundred details of behavior as we walk. Living in a cellar, we get to judge people's characters by their legs seen up to their knees. Driving, we know a man's character by his driving. If we shut our eyes and move about, we instantly become aware of signals from the other senses that, open-eyed, we have not been conscious of.

I have observed that the eldest of a family and the youngest of a family convey to others (who know nothing of their history) this part of their makeup and actually form life relationships on this basis. I am certain we must convey many other things about ourselves immediately in this way, conveying unconsciously (because we cannot be conscious of everything at once), and that all these things are around us when we have an intuition. There is the instant flash and around it these particles gather and cling, the whole bringing us a message.

That is, we have an extensive, elaborate set of clues which instantly comes to us; we are each Sherlock Holmes in our own way; it is probably the central truth of Sherlock's method that so long has fascinated us.

It would be interesting to test intuition: perhaps tests could be devised more fascinating (my dear Watson) and useful than those that discover whether or not a housewife's eyelids flicker when she sees a dazzle-jacket on the soap flakes.

But is there *feminine* intuition? Who denies that a walking telegraph pole, a thick-chested stub, a man with jaundice, a cosmonaut, an Arab, a Jew, a coal miner, and a housewife will each see the same event differently? So it is likely that a woman, most women, will see things differently from a man, most men. Not all, but some or most. The English physiologist J.B.S. Haldane many years ago happened to say that in his laboratory at that time were "three technicians, two males and one female." When asked if he noticed any difference between the work of the male and female technicians, he said there was a difference. "They have different viewpoints and may get different solutions. For me science will never be satisfactory until there are male and female technicians in equal numbers." That may be the answer. ▼

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